THE AMERICANIZATION OF EMILY

FADE IN TO THE ROLLING OF DRUMS:
EXT. HENDON AIRPORT - NIGHT 1

LONG WIDE ANGLE ESTABLISHING SHOT of the airport. A high-level military mission is about to arrive. Three black official cars wait on the grass by a landing strip. The drivers of the cars, three young uniformed English women, lounge in a group by one of the cars, smoking, murmuring between themselves. A Captain of the U.S. Navy, SPAULDING, hurries down to the three women drivers, calls something to them. They quickly step on their cigarettes, and each hurries to stand at attention by her car. Now a DC-4 taxies slowly into view out of the darkness. The following legend appears briefly over this:

Hendon Airport, England
May 4, 1944
Midnight

ANOTHER ANGLE across the three drivers and FAVORING EMILY BARHAM,

a handsome English girl of 24. In b.g., the DC-4 has come to a halt. REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM JESSUP and his team --- CAPTAIN MARVIN ELLENDER, LIEUTENANT COMMANDER STANLEY "BUS" CUMMINGS and CHARLES MADISON, and CHIEF PETTY OFFICER PAUL ADAMS disembark from the plane, each carrying an attache case. Captain Spaulding moves quickly forward to greet them. There is a brisk exchange of salutes and handshakes. The Admiral, Captain Ellender and Commander Cummings follow Captain Spaulding to the cars.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ACROSS EMILY

A jeep and a 3/4-ton truck roll up to the plane out of the darkness. Four sailors begin unloading crates, cases and cartons and everyone's luggage from the plane. In particular, there is an enormous crate that requires all the strength of the four sailors and two of the DC-4 crew to carry. Commander Madison supervises the distribution of the baggage to the separate cars. He busily signs bills of lading and other official documents. Chief Petty Officer Adams comes grunting down to Emily's car, lugging valises, sea bags, and other duffle. Emily hurries to open the trunk of her car for him. Now Commander Madison exchanges a few words with Admiral Jessup, who is already seated in the first of the cars, and then comes strolling down to Emily's car. We see now that Madison is an agreeable young Navy officer in

his late 30's. There is, however, something raffish about him which is not at all in key with the somber weightiness of this midnight mission. Indeed, as he passes the DRIVER of the second car, he gives her a good-natured pat. 1 CONT'D (2)

THE SECOND DRIVER (smiles, whispers)
Hiya, Charlie.

Emily's eyebrows shoot up at this.

MADISON (across Emily to Adams)
All right, let's go.

Adams SLAMS the trunk shut.

LONG SHOT

showing the three cars turning on the airstrip and starting off. The loading of the truck and jeep continues in b.g.

EXT. NIGHT - LONDON RUNWYS SHOWING DAMAGE AND MILITARY 1A

EXT. WESTCHESTER HOTEL - NIGHT - WIDE ANGLE SHOT 2

showint the mission getting out of the cars and going up the hotel steps. MP's and soldiers hurry out from the hotel to help with the luggage.

ACROSS Emily and SHOWING Madison dismissing the drivers of the other two cars. As he passes the DRIVER of the first car, he amiably pats her, too.

THE FIRST DRIVER (smiles at Madison)
Glad you're back, Charlie.

Emily's eyebrows shoot up again.

MADISON (calling to Adams in the car) 2 CONT'D (2)
Let's go around the back and wait for the truck.

Adams nods.

EXT. SERVICE ENTRANCE - WESTCHESTER HOTEL 3

truck being unloaded.

INT. BASEMENT - WESTCHESTER HOTEL 4

Crates and cartons being carried by sweating sailors, with Madison directing the traffic to the service lifts.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE 5

As Madison comes out of service lift and strides to Sixth Floor Kitchen, where the Captain, an Englishman in hotel livery is standing in the open doorway watching. A large refrigerator has just been uncrated and stands in lofty isolation in the middle of the kitchen. Madison pokes his head in.

MADISON (to Captain)
Hello, Tom.

CAPTAIN
Nice to have you back in London, Sir.

MADISON (opens refrigerator)
That's an even gross of eggs, Tom, four pounds of bacon, four tins of coffee, six pounds of butter, assorted marmalades, and ten pounds of fresh oranges. Check those for bruises, Tom. The Admiral breakfasts at seven-thirty tomorrow with Captain Ellender and Commander Cummings. I've scribbled down the way everyone likes their eggs.

He gives the Captain a piece of paper, turns to Adams, who is now directing more sailors and more crates down the hallway. 5 CONT'D (2)

MADISON
I'll sign us in. You get the wash and dry-cleaning.

Adams nods. Madison hurries down the hallway as more sailors and crates pour out of the service lift.

EXT. WESTCHESTER HOTEL
NIGHT-WIDE ANGLE SHOT 6

across Emily standing by her car. The jeep and truck have been unloaded. Madison comes out of the hotel in the best of spirits. He signs the papers submitted to him by the drivers of the truck and jeep. Now, as Emily watches him out of the corner of her eye, he stands on the sidewalk amiably drinking in the night air. After a moment, he ambles good-naturedly down to Emily, takes the trip-ticket she offers him and signs it, using a window of the car for a desk.

MADISON (smiles affably)
Well, get some sleep.

As she bends to get into the car, Madison pats her butt, more out of habit than anything else. However, this driver straightens and slaps his face a splendid, crisp slap, and then gets back into her car and starts the motor.

TRUCK DRIVER
You can't win them all, Commander.

Madison shrugs. Emily's car roars off into the night. Suddenly, the ululation of air-raid SIRENS fills the night. The lights of the hotel quickly black out. Madison darts a nervous look at the sky and hurries back into the hotel. To the ROLLING of drums and the EXPLOSION of bombs, a solemn legend rolls across the black screen:

In World War II, few men served their countries more ably than a small group of unheralded heroes known as "The Dog-Robbers."

A "Dog-Robber" is the personal attendant of a general or admiral, and his job is to keep his general or admiral well-clothed, well-fed,

Every army and navy in the world has its "Dog-Robbers", but, needless to say, ours were the best. 6 CONT'D (2)

To these resolute procurers and luftsmenschen, this film is gratefully dedicated.

With an enormous sweep of coronation MUSIC, we explode into the credits: 7

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EMILY

Under the credits: EXTERIOR DAYLIGHT SHOTS of London in the first week of May 1944, showing the streets crowded with grim-faced, resolute military men, obviously carrying the weight of the Invasion on their particular backs and in their particular attache cases.

EXT. NAVY BUILDING 7A

INT. LOBBY - NAVY BUILDING - FULL SHOT OF MADISON 8

entering the lobby which courses with purposeful Navy personnel. We PAN him across to the stairway.

INT. COMM. CUMMINGS' OFFICE 9

as Madison enters, Cummings, bespectacled now, is busy behind his desk. Chief Petty Officer Adams is unloading a box filled with packages of nylon stockings. Madison promptly begins stuffing his attache case with these packages.

CUMMINGS (without looking up from his administrative chores)
Charlie, the Admiral's playing bridge tonight with Generals Hallerton and Waterson.

9
CONT'
(2)

MADISON
Waterson doesn't play bridge.

CUMMINGS
He'll want a partner anyway. Find a couple of someones to complete the foursome. Dinner will be at six --- steak, avocado salad, ice-cream and the appropriate wines.

MADISON (to Adams)
Call the Motor Pool and get me a driver.

CUMMINGS
We're going to stay put here in London for a while, Charlie, at least until the balloon goes up.

MADISON
What balloon?

CUMMINGS
D-Day. The invasion of Europe. So you might as well set up house.

MADISON
Okay.

ADAMS (on phone)
Motor Pool, please.

MADISON
General Waterson likes red-headed partners, right?
(to Adams as he starts for the door)
Never mind, Paul. I'll go by the Motor Pool myself.
(exiting)
Avocado salad. That's a new one.

INT. MOTOR POOL - NAVY BUILDING 10

as Madison enters. In the anteroom, the DISPATCHER, a uniformed woman of 40, sits at her desk, busy at her phone.

DISPATCHER
Motor Pool, Miss Simpson here ---

She looks up as Madison enters, flutters her hand at him. He flutters his hand at her, continues on to the inner office where three uniformed English girls lounge about, on call. One is a blazing blonde, a second is the driver of the evening before who had slapped Madison's face. A brief cold look passes between Madison and this driver.

MADISON (to the blazing blonde)
Sheila, could you be a redhead by five-thirty this afternoon?

SHEILA
I could manage, love. Am I to dress or am I to drive?

MADISON
You'll have to dress. It's for dinner and a little bit of mauling. Two-star General who usually passes out about half-past eleven.

SHEILA
Oooh, a two-star General.

She follows Madison back into the dispatcher's office.

DISPATCHER (calling to third driver)
Push on to SHAEF, Pet. Two Navy Captains wait in front, here's your ticket.

Pat, the third driver, takes her trip-ticket.

PAT (exiting)
Ta-ra Charlie. Nice that you're back.

MADISON
Ta-ra.
(to Dispatcher)
I need a driver to take me to Hendon. How about Sheila?

10 CONT'D (2)

DISPATCHER
She's on call.
(calls to Emily in rear office)
Emily, dear, take Commander Madison to Hendon Airport, here's your ticket.
(the phone rings)
Motor Pool, Miss Simpson here ---

In the rear office, Emily looks up, puts her magazine down, comes out into the dispatcher's office to pick up her trip-ticket.

SHEILA (to Madison)
If I'm to be a redhead, love, I shall need a new frock, don't you agree?

MADISON
I'll be back at my room by lunch.

SHEILA
Ah, you're a love, Charlie.

By now, the dispatcher has finished writing up Emily's trip-ticket. Emily takes it, exits through the door Madison is holding open for her. As Madison exits, we hear:

DISPATCHER (to Sheila)
This is yours, love. Rear-Admiral to go to Hammersmith.

SHEILA
Ooch, a Rear-Admiral.
(calls to exiting Madison)
I'll be up for my new dress during lunch, love.

DISSOLVE TO:

11-12 C

EXT. HENDON AIRPORT - ENTRANCE GATES - DAY 13

FULL SHOT of the car pulling up to the gate. An MP SERGEANT comes forward to examine Madison's papers being offered through the rear window.

TWO SHOT of Madison and the MP Sergeant talking through the window, the back of Emily's head in b.g.

MADISON
Is Lieutenant Haworth still Navy Supply Officer here, Sergeant?

MP SERGEANT (handing papers back)
No, sir, there's a Lieutenant named Wade there now.

Madison extracts a package of nylon hose from his attache case, gives it to the Sergeant.

MP SERGEANT
Thank you, sir. It might help you to know, sir, this Lieutenant Wade is from Alabama.

MADISON (nods, then to Emily)
The Navy Supply enclosure.

The gates open. Emily drives the car into the field.

INT. NAVY SUPPLY DEPOT 14

FULL SHOT of LIEUTENANT VICTOR WADE, an Alabama boy of 28, sipping coffee. The depot is a large quonset hut, filled with monstrous refrigerators called "reefers".

WADE
This Admiral you're dog-robbing for, Madison, is he a good joe?

Madison, we suddenly discover, has a Southern drawl and reeks with the restrained charm of a Confederate gentleman.

MADISON
He's from Virginia, boy. Two stars. Adjutant to the Secretary of the Navy. Highest echelon, policy level.

REVERSE ANGLE across them to open doorway, showing Emily waiting by her car outside. 14 CONT'D (2)

WADE
All those stories true about those lady volunteer drivers in the Navy Motor Pool?

MADISON
Some of them.

WADE
You think you could arrange one of those high echelon Navy Motor Pool drivers for me?

MADISON
Come round the Hotel tomorrow about three. I've got some bottles for you besides.

WADE
What kind of bottles?

MADISON
Now, what kind of bottles would I offer a Confederate kinsman in an alien land?

WADE
Don't tell me.

MADISON
I. W. Harper.

WADE
Man, you can't get bourbon over here.

MADISON
You've got three bottles.

WADE
You're quite a dog-robber, ain't you, Madison?

MADISON
Well, let's make sure we read each other clear, Wade. I'll take care of you. But, Lieutenant, my Admiral sets a better table than anybody in the European Theatre of Operations, including the Supreme Commander. I want the prime of everything you've got here. When I ask for a steak, I mean aged, two

(continued)

14 CONT'I (3)

MADISON (continued)
inches thick, corn-fed, that you can cut with a sharp look. I'm setting up house now. For today, I want six dozen sirloin strips, a crate of oranges, a crate of grapefruit, six rib-roasts, three Swift's hams, six gallons of ice-cream and a gallon of chocolate syrup. I expect to be favored, and, if any other Admiral's dog-robber complains, my Admiral'll cover for you all the way to the Secretary of the Navy. If you do right, I'll get you the Legion of Merit with Clusters for your gallant service. But, if you fink on my Admiral, man --- well, my Admiral has a pet research project, the study of navigable waters in the Arctic Circle. And the last supply officer who sent my Admiral a chewy steak is now up at the North Pole, doing polar research. You read me, Lieutenant?

WADE
Oh, I read you, Commander.
(claps Madison on the back)

Madison hands Wade a page from his note book. They walk up the length of the quonset hut to the door.

WADE (calls to Emily)
Just you drive that Chevvy around to the dock, honey, and we'll load you up.

EXT. THE SUPPLY ENCLOSURE - DAY 15

ACROSS Emily by her car as sailors load the car with cartons, crates and ice-cream containers. Madison stands by the trunk checking off the items. Wade stands by the door of the quonset hut, checking off his list. Emily regards it all with icy contempt.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - RUNBY 16

EXT. REAR PROJECTION - LONDON SUBURBS - DAY 17

Inside the car as they drive back. Madison sits in the rear seat, crowded in by all the crates and cartons. He checks his watch, makes notes.

EMILY (suddenly)
You Americans are really enjoying this war, aren't you?

MADISON
Ma'am?

EMILY
Most English families haven't seen this many oranges or eggs in five years, but it's all one big Shriner's Convention for you Americans, isn't it?

Madison nods briefly, recognizing the type.

MADISON
Yeah, well, that's swell, Miss---

EMILY
Barham.

MADISON
Yeah, well, on to the hotel, Miss Barham, it's nearly lunch.

He turns his attention back to his notes.

INT. MADISON'S HOTEL ROOM 18

WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing the entire bedroom which has more the look of a storeroom. There's hardly room to walk between all the crates and cartons. Chief Petty Officer Adams is still unpacking. The closets are jammed with frocks, the bed piled high with dress packages. The bureau is obscured by boxes of hosiery, lingerie, soap and soap-flakes. The bathroom is crammed with cases of liquor, cartons of candy, racks of perfume bottles, and a half-size refrigerator for chilling wine. Madison is perched on his bed talking on the phone, and sipping coffee --- his lunch.

18 CONT'D (2)

MADISON (on phone)
Avocado, avocado! --- Demi-douzaine -- Since when did you start asking for ration coupons, Alfie? ---Oui, vingt minutes ---
(hangs up, stands, mutters)
Well, that's the avocados. I need a blonde, a bridge-playing blonde.
(he looks frowning out the window)

MADISON'S POV. Looking down through the window to the sidewalk six floors below. Emily is standing beside her car.

REVERSE SHOT across Madison at window and now showing Sheila, who is now lifting a black sheath dress from its package of tissues on the bed.

SHEILA
Oh, it's too bloody beautiful.

MADISON
I need a blonde, Sheila, an elegant blonde, very crusty, with a British diction calculated to bring out the upstart in any American, who can handle herself at a dinner table and play bridge like an assassin. Whatever happened to Alice Luddens?

SHEILA (holding the sheath against herself)
She married off, love. Just a colonel in the paratroops. Can't be choosey, I suppose, if you're a widow with two kids. May I try it on, Charlie?

Madison nods, now riffling through another of his countless notebooks. Sheila dashes off into the bathroom, unbuttoning her uniform, as Captain Harry Spaulding enters from the hall. He affects a cane. He pockets a bottle of perfume he finds on the dresser.

SPAULDING
Well, the balloon's going up any day now.

18 CONT'D (3)

MADISON (looking down at Emily again)
What balloon?

SPAULDING (with a cavalier twirl of his cane)
D-Day, old man. The invasion of Europe. Any day now, one million men are going to hit the beaches of France in the greatest battle in history.

MADISON
Oh. Harry, do you know any blondes who play a good game of bridge?

Sheila comes out of the bathroom dressed in her black sheath.

SHEILA
What do you think, Charlie?

MADISON (looking down at Emily again)
Yeah. It's worth a try.

He suddenly reaches over and appropriates Spaulding's cane.

MADISON
Just for a little while, Harry. It's a matter of state.

He opens the door to the hallway and exits, suddenly walking with a noticeable limp, leaning heavily on the cane. Spaulding watches him exit, a little startled.

EXT. WESTCHESTER HOTEL - PARK LANE SIDE - DAY 19-21

WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing Emily leaning against the front fender of her car, smoking as Madison comes out of the hotel. She is a little astonished to see Madison walking with his right leg stiff as a board and using a cane. So, for that matter, is a LIEUTENANT j.g., who is going into the hotel.

19-21 CONT'D (2)

FULL SHOT of the Lieutenant going in and Madison coming out.

LIEUTENANT
Hey, Charlie, what happened to you?

MADISON (mutters)
Knock off.

MED. SHOT as Madison comes down to the car. Emily steps quickly on her cigarette and hurries to open the rear door. Madison is making a great show of pain.

EMILY
An old wound, Commander?

MADISON (grimaces)
Yes. I caught a bit of flak when I was flying for the RAF in 1940. It acts up every now and then.

EMILY (not unamused)
Pity.

Madison rubs his suddenly wounded thigh, regards Emily.

MADISON
Do you play bridge, Miss Barham?

EMILY
Yes, I do. Why?

MADISON
Miss Barham, Admiral Jessup would like you to be his guest at dinner and for bridge this evening.

EMILY
Ah.

19-21 CONT'D (3)

MADISON
Just dinner and bridge, nothing else. I'll have you driven to your quarters by half past ten.

EMILY
No, thank you. If you don't need me, Commander, may I take my lunch?

She hands him her trip-ticket. He signs it, gives it back.

MADISON
You're something of a prig, Miss Barham.

Emily, who had started round the car to get to her own seat, pauses and turns.

EMILY
I don't mean to be.

She frowns, continues round the front of the car.

INT. TRANSIENT WOMEN'S QUARTERS 22-24

HIGH ANGLE SHOT looking down on a large barracks-like room, lined with cots and filled with a variety of military women, dressed and undressed, toweling, toiletting, lipsticking, etc., WACS, WRENS, SPARS, etc.

FULL SHOT as Emily sinks down onto a cot next to a cot on which Sheila, swathed in towels, is dying her hair red with dabs of cotton. A small laboratory of bottles, vials, bowls and basins is spread out on the cot before her.

EMILY
Do you think I'm a prig, Sheila?

22-24
CONT'D
(2)

SHEILA
Oh, Lord, yes, love. You've been shattering us all with your virtue ever since you joined this Motor Pool.

EMILY
Have I been that awful?

SHEILA
Bloody virgin goddess herself.

EMILY
Well, the fact is I'm anything but. I'm grotesquely sentimental. I fall in love at the drop of a hat. That's why I gave up hospital driving. All those men moaning in the back of my ambulance, especially the lot from Africa. I used to read to them in my off-hours. When they healed and were being sent back to the front, they'd come looking for me in the ambulance garage to spend their last nights of leave with them. Little hotel rooms, bed and breakfast for a guinea. I paid the guinea myself more often than not.
(lies back on the bed, suddenly weary)
I couldn't say no to them, could I? I had just lost my husband, you see ---
(almost cries)
--at Tobruk, and I was overwhelmed with tenderness for all dying men... As I say, I'm grotesquely sentimental...Whatever are you doing with your hair?

SHEILA
I'm turning it red. I'm going to one of Charlie Madison's do's tonight.

EMILY
Oh yes. I was just asked to that one. Does it require red hair?

SHEILA
Oh, do come along, love. Charlie sets a marvelous table. Meats and sauces, ice creams, things we haven't seen in England in years. You'll get a nice frock out of it. Have you ever been up to Madison's room?

22-24
CONT'D
(3)

EMILY
No.

SHEILA
Well, you've got to see it. It's the swankiest shop in town. He's got everything up there but the crown jewels.

EMILY
Yes, so I've heard.

SHEILA
(pulls out a parcel from under her bed, extracts wisps of hosiery and lingerie)
Here, look at that. You can't buy that at Harrod's. That's nylon, love, and the other's pure silk. I'd show you the new dress, but I don't want the others here to see. Bonwit Teller's. You've heard of that, I imagine.

EMILY
You mean,he actually supplies you with a wardrobe?

SHEILA
Oh, Charlie dresses you proper. Americans don't like their women in uniforms.

EMILY
But it all ends in someone's bed, doesn't it? I mean, that's the point of it, isn't it?

SHEILA
Well, look who's talking, after that lurid confession you just made.

EMILY
Sorry. I'm rather a prig at that.

SHEILA
I feel rather tender towards the poor beggars myself.

EMILY (stands, on edge)
I don't want to feel tender towards anyone, especially soldiers.

(continued)

22-24 CONT'D (4)

EMILY(continued)
(sits again)
I've lost a husband, a father and a brother in this war. When my husband was killed, I almost went insane.. I take these things badly.
(lies back, tears in her eyes)
I fall in love too easily, and I shatter too easily. I don't want any more doomed men.

SHEILA
Oh, come on tonight, Emily. None of these chaps are doomed. They'll never see any of the shooting, that's for sure. We'll have a few laughs, love. I never saw anyone needed a few laughs as much as you.

CLOSEUP of EMILY. Her eyes close. A sigh shudders through her as she masters her tears.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF ADM. JESSUP'S SUITE 25

Madison is going over the dinner arrangements with the Sixth Floor Service Captain,Tom. A handsome table has been set up in the middle of the living room. Madison moves around it checking every piece of silver, every plate.

MADISON (examining a water glass)
Very nice crystal, Tom. Danish?

SIXTH FLOOR CAPTAIN
Yes, sir.

MADISON
I don't much care for the centerpiece. Can you get something floral?

SIXTH FLOOR CAPTAIN
Yes, sir.

MADISON (fingering the table linen)
Italian, very lovely.

Madison is suddenly aware he is being watched. He looks across to the doorway leading to his room.

MADISON'S POV. Emily stands in the doorway, fascinated by all that's going on. 25 CONT (2)

ACROSS Madison to Emily, as Madison turns to the Sixth Floor Captain.

MADISON
Cocktails at five-thirty, heavy on the gin, Tom. Dinner at six promptly. Once you've cleared away, I'll manage from there.

EMILY
You're not limping, Commander.

She turns back into Madison's room. Madison follows her.

INT. MADISON'S ROOM 26

REVERSE ANGLE as Emily enters followed by Madison.

EMILY (looking about the room, wide-eyed)
It's the Arabian nights. Do you have chests of rubies in the bathroom?

MADISON
Just perfumes and liquor.

EMILY (walking about looking at this case, that—carton)
I've heard about this room, Commander. All the girls talk about it. But I simply couldn't believe it. Bonwits, Saks Fifth Avenue, Lord and Taylor --- Sheila's right. It's the swankiest shop in town. Good heavens! Arpege perfume! How did you ever manage Arpege perfume with the Germans in Paris? There are Germans in Paris, aren't there? There is a war on, I think. You Americans must have heard something about it, I'm sure.

Madison has found a cigar box among the welter of things on the bureau. Now he sits on a soft chair, lights a cigar.

26 CONT'D (2)

MADISON (regards Emily flatly)
Pick out a dress, honey, and be back at five-thirty.

(Emily turns, startled)
You American-haters bore me to tears, Miss Barham. I've dealt with Europeans all my life, and I know all about us parvenus from the States who come over here and race around your old cathedral towns with our cameras and Coca-Cola bottles, brawl in your pubs, paw your women, act like we own the world. We overtip, we talk too loud, we think we can buy anything with a Hershey bar. I've had Germans and Italians tell me how politically ingenuous we are. Perhaps so, but we haven't managed a Hitler or a Mussolini yet. I've had Frenchmen call me a savage because I only took half an hour for lunch. Hell, Miss Barham, the only reason the French take two hours for lunch is because the service in their restaurants is lousy. And the most tedious of the lot are you British. We crass Americans didn't introduce war into your little island. This war, Miss Barham, to which we Americans are so insensitive, is the result of two thousand years of European greed, barbarism, superstition and stupidity. Don't blame it on our Coca-Cola bottles. Europe was a going brothel long before we came to town.

EMILY
Dear me, what an outburst.

MADISON
So, lay off, Mrs. Miniver. If you don't like our Hershey bars, don't take them. Pick yourself a frock or get out. It's not my job to listen to your sentimental contempt.

Emily appraises Madison with new eyes.

EMILY
I could almost believe you flew for the RAF.

26 CONT'D (3)

MADISON
I never flew for the RAF, and you know it.

EMILY
You didn't expect me to believe you for a minute, did you?

MADISON
Not for a minute.

EMILY
But why, Commander?

MADISON
You're here, Miss Barham.

Emily looks quickly at him.

EMILY
Yes, so I am. You're a complete rascal. I'll be back at five-thirty, Commander.

MADISON (escorting her)
The Admiral will be delighted you're coming.

EMILY
I'm looking forward to it.

MADISON (opening the door)
If I can be of any service, Miss Barham.

CLOSER SHOT FAVORING Emily in the open doorway.

EMILY
I have my own clothes, Commander. I'll do without your Hershey bars.

TWO SHOT. For a moment, the two of them appraise each other silently, smiles pending on their lips, amused by the other.

EMILY (smiling amiably)
Do you have a girl, Commander?

MADISON (smiling just as amiably)
None of your damn business, Miss Barham.

They both smile at each other. Emily goes out. Madison closes the door. 26 CONT'D (4)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM OF ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE 27

ESTABLISHING SHOT of cocktail party.

There are twenty-five people present including a distinguished civilian, a Russian General -- Free French, British Navy, etc. Some ladies and some not so.

MED. SHOT - EMILY 27X1

Emily in conversation with an American Army Colonel of about forty and a British Naval Officer.

COLONEL
I don't much care for chamber music myself, but those Hungarians at the Princess are very good.

During above Emily's attention goes to Madison.

MED. SHOT - JESSUP, MADISON, HALLERTON 27X2

JESSUP
Listen, Willie, I don't like the way the Navy's publicity is being handled in Overlord.

HALLERTON
Yeah, I figured that's what this party was about.

Madison notices Emily and inquires visually if all is well.

JESSUP
We'll talk about it later.

HALLERTON
You're wasting your time, Jessie.

MED. SHOT - EMILY AND GROUP 27X3

as she responds visually to Madison.

COLONEL
I've been trying to get them American visas. 27X3 CONT'D (2)

MED. SHOT - MADISON - GROUP 27X4

as a Russian Officer approaches with a girl.

MADISON
Horoshaw?

RUSSIAN GENERAL
Ochen Horoshaw!

Russian General makes some Russian comment. Madison laughs, and translates.

CUT TO:

Bum, Nameless Broad, French Naval Officer, Air Force Officer and two other girls. 27X5

NAMELESS BROAD
Avocadoes! Really, I haven't seen an avocado in London for years!

BUS
When the Admiral entertains, he likes to have a surprise or two for his guests.

NAMELESS BROAD
But avocadoes.... and out of season at that!

CUT TO:

Madison, continuing to translate for Russian. 27X6

MED. SHOT - EMILY - GROUP 27X7

BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER
You can't leave decent musicians wandering around homeless. There are so few really good ones as it is.

An American General enters in b.g. - goes to bar. Madison spots him. On the way to bar, Madison stops to give instructions to Tom. Madison continues to join Major at bar. 27X7 CONT'D (2)

MADISON
Let's keep the food moving, Tom ....the Admiral wants the room cleared for bridge in two hours.

TOM
As you wish, Sir.

MADISON
Hello, Ted, I've been looking for you. I dropped in to see your wife at the hospital in Washington. She's really much stronger and says not to worry about her.

MAJOR (as they move away)
Thank you, Charlie. That was very thoughtful of you and I appreciate it.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE - TWO HOURS LATER 28

ACROSS the bridge foursome in f.g. The Admiral and Madison are paired against General Hallerton and Emily. In b.g., the party is getting senior.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Doubled.

GENERAL HALLERTON
Redoubled.

MADISON
Pass.

EMILY
Pass.

General Hallerton as dummy lays out his hand on the table. Emily winces.

GENERAL HALLERTON
Did I overbid?

28 CONT'D (2)

EMILY
Well, let us just say you have unbridled courage.

Admiral Jessup leads a card. Emily slips a card from the dummy. The play goes quickly and expertly. Without losing a second's concentration, Admiral Jessup engages General Hallerton, now standing behind him, in conference.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Willie, I don't like the way the Navy's been left out of the publicity in the invasion. I want extreme measures taken to publicize the Navy's role in Overlord. The President supports me in this.

GENERAL HALLERTON
Yes, we got your cables, Jessie, but I don't know what you mean by extreme measures.

EMILY (studying the cards)
Oh, dear, this is going to be a blood-bath.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
I want a Marine division to be the first assault wave.

GENERAL HALLERTON
Good Lord, you're not dragging that old chestnut in.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
The Marines are the traditional shock troops, and you know it.

GENERAL HALLERTON
Not in the European Theatre of Operations, they're not. You Navy guys had all the headlines in the South Pacific. Well, Europe's an Army show. That's been clearly understood from the beginning, Jessie.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
I wrote the Supreme Commander about this.

GENERAL HALLERTON
Yes, that's one of the reasons he's out of town. You must be off your nut, Jessie, if you think the assault plans are going to be changed at this stage of preparation. You know when

MADISON (pondering his hand) 28 CONT'D (3)
What balloon?

GENERAL HALLERTON
I've been instructed to say we'll put on a few more Navy staff officers at Supreme Headquarters, and we'll push the PRO people to send out more Navy releases. But the Supreme Commander wants it clear, Jessie, that he considers this inter-service competitiveness in very bad taste. He's got enough trouble keeping the English and French in line.

Admiral Jessup gathers in a trick and then lays the rest of his hand down.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
You're down four, Willie, doubled, redoubled and vulnerable.

GENERAL HALLERTON (sitting down, scowling)
A Marine division. You must be losing your mind, Jessie. Who deals?

INT. LIVING ROOM OF ADM. JESSUP'S SUITE - TWO HOURS LATER 29

ACROSS Admiral Jessup, standing at the window looking out, showing the party breaking up. Admiral Jessup is mumbling to himself; at least, it seems that way. In b.g. Madison comes out of the room. He starts to cross to the bridge table where General Hallerton is still sitting, meticulously re-checking the scores of the games. Cummings intercepts him.

CUMMINGS (whispers)
The champagne, Charlie.

MADISON
It's being chilled. I'll leave it outside your door in half an hour.

CUMMINGS (looking around the room)
Where'd she go?

29
CONT'D
(2)

MADISON
I sent her in.

Cummings nods and exits out the front door. Madison leans down to General Hallerton.

MADISON
Your car's here, General.

GENERAL HALLERTON
(standing unhappily)
Thirty-four bucks, all right.

Two waiters have entered from the hall. With a gesture, Madison indicates he wants the room cleared.

MADISON (to General Hallerton)
At Admiral Jessup's request, I've had the Scotch House send you three yards of tweed, General. It's for Mrs. Hallerton.

GENERAL HALLERTON
It won't get him his Marine division, Charlie, but it's thoughtful of him anyway. Thank him for me.

Madison crosses to Emily at the front door.

MADISON
There's a car for you, Miss Barham. May I take you down?

EMILY
No, I'll manage. I had a very nice time, Commander. Please ask me again.

She follows General Hallerton and Johnson and Sheila out. The waiters finish clearing away. Madison closes the door on them all. Admiral Jessup is still standing by the window, looking out. There's no doubt of it now; he is mumbling to himself.

MADISON
Sir?

ADMIRAL JESSUP (turns)
What?

MADISON
I thought you said something to me, sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
You're losing your mind, Charlie.

29 CONT'D (3)

MADISON
Yes, sir. I'll lay out your night clothes, sir.

He crosses to the Admiral's room. The Admiral turns back to staring out the window.

INT. THE ADMIRAL'S ROOM 30

as Madison enters. He turns on the bedlamp, turns off the overhead light and turns down the bed with deft, familiar movements. He glides into the bathroom, draws the Admiral's tub. Now he comes out, extracts an old-fashioned nightshirt and sleeping cap from the bureau drawer and lays them neatly across the bed. The Admiral enters, unbuttoning his jacket.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Was I very rude, leaving all the goodbyes to you, Charlie?

MADISON
It wasn't noticed, sir.

Madison takes the Admiral's jacket, drapes it onto a hanger, slips it into the closet. He bends and retrieves the Admiral's slippers, whisks a bathrobe off a closet hook, and crosses back into the bathroom where he turns off the tub and leaves the robe and slippers. When he comes out, the Admiral has stripped off his shirt which Madison takes.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
I've got the damndest headache.

MADISON
I'll fix you a drink before your bath, Admiral.

The Admiral strips off his undershirt. Madison takes it and folds it and the shirt neatly on a chair. The Admiral straddles a hard-back chair, rests his chin on his forearms. Madison begins massaging the Admiral's shoulders.

ADMIRAL JESSUP 30 CONT'D (2)
Charlie, in seven weeks I've got to go back to Washington and testify before the Joint Committee on Military Affairs. On the agenda is a review of the Army's new Long-Range Bomber program and there'll be speculation as to whether this doesn't make carrier-based aircraft obsolete. In short, they're out to scrap the Navy again. Charlie, the Air Corps's coming out of this war as the darling of the services -- the Army and its Air Corps. The Navy will be the runt of the litter. They'll scrap us like they do after every war. They'll limit our capital ships, reduce our crews to cadres, strip us back to Pearl Harbor level. And then they'll scream how ill-prepared we are when the Russians hit us with another Pearl Harbor. All Washington is bug-eyed over this invasion of Europe, and this invasion of Europe is an all-Army show. That's why we're here, Charlie. to remind the American Congress and the public that this invasion is also a Navy show. I just threw in that Marine division for openers. They turned me down and now they owe me something. But what? I don't know what to aim for, but I've got to come up with something. It's driving me crazy. Charlie, fix me something for this head, it's killing me.

MADISON
Sure, Admiral.

Madison turns from his massaging and exits into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE 31

as Madison enters, moving to the improvised bar. He quickly mixes a drink and returns to the Admiral's bedroom.

INT. ADMIRAL JESSUP'S BEDROOM 32

ACROSS Madison as he enters with drink. The Admiral is now moving about the darkish room, muttering to

32 CONT'D (2)

ADMIRAL JESSUP (barely audible)
Sure, George -- support that damned peanut -- damn Chinese -- Communist five years, George -- five years, at most --

MADISON (proferring the drink)
Here you are, sir.

The Admiral doesn't seem to see Madison. He crosses past Madison and goes into the bathroom muttering.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
-- moderates, boy, moderates -- you're on the nose there, George -- land reform, take the steam out of it -- only damn Army in China anyway --

He disappears into the bathroom, closing the door. Madison is left standing with an outstretched drink. He sets the drink on the bedtable, calls into the bathroom:

MADISON
I've left your drink on your bedtable, sir.

There is no answer. Madison shrugs and crosses back into the living room.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE 33

as Madison crosses to his own bedroom. He pauses to dump a loaded ashtray, overlooked by the waiters, into a trash can. He opens the door to his room and goes in.

INT. MADISON'S BEDROOM 34

FULL SHOT of Madison as he enters his dark room. He stops in the doorway, framed in the rectangle of light, his face registering mild surprise.

ACROSS Madison to his bed. Emily is perched on the bed, legs crossed, hands folded patiently in her lap. She smiles up at Madison in the doorway.

REVERSE ANGLE across Emily to Madison in doorway.

MADISON
Come to think of it, I don't have a

34
CONT'D
(2)

CLOSEUP of Emily.

EMILY
I don't have a man.

TWO SHOT FAVORING Emily. She stands, smiles.

EMILY
Do you think we can keep it on that level?

CLOSEUP of Madison.

MADISON
Not a chance. This is going to be just one of those things, you and I. I can see that.

CLOSEUP of Emily.

EMILY
I like your spirit, Commander.

RIGHT TWO SHOT as she slips happily into his arms. They kiss many times. Madison kicks the door behind him shut. The room is now lit only by moonlight. Between kisses, they murmur.

MADISON
I'm not your type, you know.

EMILY
The hell you're not.

They kiss, clutch at each other. It's a hungry scene.

MADISON
I'd have thought you'd fancy heroes, and I'm yellow, honey, clear through.

EMILY (whispering)
That's your most attractive quality.

They sink onto the bed.

EMILY
I've had it with heroes, Charlie. Every man I've loved has died in this War, but you'll never get caught in the shooting. That's one think I'm sure of. You can't imagine how attractive that makes you to me.

She tears at his tie and collar button so she can kiss his neck. 34 CONT'D (3)

MADISON
Easy, tiger, that shirt's silk.

EMILY (affably)
Oh, shut up, and let me kiss you.

They wrap themselves ravenously around each other.

MADISON (delighted)
What a savage.

For a moment, the screen is filled with the bobbing and weaving of the two heads and the four shoulders of the lovers as they assail each other with embraces. Then, suddenly, the door to the hallway in b.g. is thrust open, and a shaft of light shoots into the room, bathing Madison and Emily with light. The two lovers slowly extricate themselves from their sinuous embrace and turn to see what this interruption is.

ACROSS Madison and Emily on the bed to the hallway door. Framed in the doorway against the light of the hall is the Admiral. He makes an odd figure dressed as he is in his old-fashioned nightshirt and with his sleeping cap askew on his brow and especially when he shouts at the two rather startled lovers:

ADMIRAL JESSUP
The first dead man on Omaha Beach must be a sailor! Do you read me, sir? The first dead man on Omaha Beach must be a sailor! Put your mind on that, sir!

He wheels and exits into the hallway as suddenly as he had appeared, slamming the door behind himself.

REVERSE ANGLE to Madison and Emily on the bed. They are both staring blankly at the CAMERA, where the Admiral had been standing.

34 CONT'D (4)

EMILY
Dear me, what was that about?

Madison sits up slowly.

MADISON (frowning)
What did he say?

EMILY
I think he said, the first dead man on Omaha Beach must be a sailor. That's a piquant thing to say, wouldn't you agree.

MADISON (stands)
Yes, I think I'd call that piquant.

He crosses to the doorway, opens it, peeks out into the hallway.

EMILY (on the bed)
Does he do that often?

MADISON (looking up and down the empty hallway)
No, I can't say I remember him doing that before. Listen, honey, excuse me for a minute.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE ADMIRAL'S SUITE 35

as Madison closes his bedroom door. He pads thoughtfully past the living room door to the Admiral's door. He knocks gently. There is no answer. After a moment, he opens the door tentatively.

ACROSS Madison in the doorway to the Admiral in his nightshirt sitting on his bed. The Admiral looks up.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Hello, Charlie. The first dead man on Omaha Beach must be a sailor. Think about that for a moment.

MADISON (closing the door)
In what reference, sir?

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Yes, the unknown sailor. Let me kick that around in my own mind a bit. I want the whole team in my office at 0900 hours tomorrow morning to dis-

MADISON
To discuss just what, sir?

35 CONT'D (2)

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Arrange that, Charlie. 0900 hours, the whole team. Good-night, Charlie.

The Admiral switches off his bedlamp, plunging the room into darkness, gets under the covers and goes promptly to sleep.

REVERSE SHOT across the sleeping Admiral to Madison standing in the dark by the door.

MADISON
Yes, sir.

He opens the door to the hallway and goes out.

INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE 36

as Madison comes out, closing the door. He stands a moment, perplexed to say the least. Then, frowning, he moves still another door down — (Lt. Comm. Cummings' room) — and KNOCKS sharply.

INT. LT. COMM. CUMMINGS' ROOM 37

ACROSS the bed looking to the door. The room is very dark, lit only by moonlight. Two bodies leap from the bed. They are Lt. Comm. Cummings with his clothes disarrayed and a Nameless Broad with no clothes on at all.

CUMMINGS (stuffing his shirt-tails in)
Who is it?

THE NAMELESS BROAD (muttering imprecations)
Always barging in in this ruddy hotel.

The door opens, and Madison takes a step into the room.

MADISON
Bus, the screwiest thing just happened.

37 CONT'D (2)

CUMMINGS
For Pete's sakes, Charlie, close the door, will you?

The Nameless Broad trying to hide behind Cummings and look for her skirt at the same time, mutters:

THE NAMELESS BROAD
--- ruddy Americans, haven't got the ruddiest clue to what privacy means —

MADISON (closing the door)
The Admiral just walked into my room in his nightshirt, Bus, and yelled out at the top of his lungs: "The first dead man on Omaha Beach must be a sailor!"

CUMMINGS
All right, Charlie, what's up? I mean. you see the obvious state of affairs here, Charlie.

MADISON
I'm telling you. I think the Admiral's flipped a braid. He just came charging into my room, yelling: "The first dead man on ---"

CUMMINGS
Charlie, for Pete's sakes, I mean...
(he indicates the naked girl muttering behind him)

THE NAMELESS BROAD
(muttering away)
Ruddy circus, the whole ruddy place ---

CUMMINGS
Tomorrow morning, what do you say, Charlie?

MADISON
Tomorrow morning, 0900 hours, the Admiral wants the whole team in his office to discuss "The first dead man on Omaha Beach must be a sailor."

37 CONT'D (3)

CUMMINGS
Yeah, swell, great. See you tomorrow, Charlie.

THE NAMELESS BROAD
Where's my ruddy shoes?

MADISON
All right, I'll see you tomorrow.

He turns and exits. Cummings scowls. The Nameless Broad mutters indistinguishable imprecations.

CUMMINGS (to the Nameless Broad)
I think Charlie's flipped a screw.

THE NAMELESS BROAD
Ruddy circus, this hotel, I don't mind saying ---

FADE OUT

FADE IN:.

EXT. GROSVENOR SQUARE - DAY 38

WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing an endless convoy of Army trucks and Jeeps inching along South Audley Street.

INT. ADMIRAL JESSUP'S OFFICE - NAVY BUILDING 39

ACROSS Admiral Jessup, spruce, shining and apparently sane, standing at the window looking down on the convoy. After a moment, the Admiral turns from the window.

REVERSE ANGLE ACROSS Admiral Jessup to his team — Capt. Ellender, Lt. Commanders Cummings and Madison, and Chief Petty Officer Adams. They are sitting about the office. The office is a sparse room with a desk and chair, a picture of President Roosevelt and one of Admiral King on one wall. A second wall is entirely covered by a large map of Great Britain and Western Europe.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
We've got about a month
(he moves to the wall map)
I want a movie made showing the Navy's contributions to D-Day, from the procurement of vessels to the actual landing.

39 CONT'D (2)

ADMIRAL JESSUP (continued)
Gentlemen, four thousand ships and boats -- battleships, destroyers, landing craft, spitkits, channel steamers, excursion boats, private yachts, tugs, tubs and Chinese junks -- 4,000 vessels! -- the greatest armada ever assembled by man! -- is going to cross that channel. And they're going to have to do it at night and across one of the nastiest pieces of water in the world, the English Channel. And every inch of that channel is mined in the bargain. It'll be the most incredible Naval achievement in history. If Hitler could have done it, he'd have had the world in his pocket. It's the Navy that is the essence of victory in this invasion. I want a movie that makes that clear.

CUMMINGS
Sir --

ADMIRAL JESSUP
I especially want a movie about the Navy Demolition units who are going to be the first men in on those beaches. Casualties are estimated at fifty per cent in the first waves. A lot of brave men are going to die on D-Day, gentlemen. I want a movie made that shows the first brave man to die on those beaches was a sailor.

The phone RINGS. Cummings picks it up.

CUMMINGS (on phone)
This is Admiral Jessup's office.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
If that's Sir Roger Charlton's office, I'll be there directly.

CUMMINGS (on phone)
He's leaving now, sir.
(hangs up)

ADMIRAL JESSUP (putting on his hat)
Now, here's what I want done. I want a photography team assigned to the demolition engineers to record their activities on film right up to the beaches.

(continued)

39 CONT'D (3)

ADMIRAL JESSUP (Cont'd)
I'm leaving this in your hands, Bus. I consider this urgent. Any questions?

He crosses to the door leading to Cummings outer office, pauses. The members of his team are all scowling, pursing their lips and avoiding each other's eyes.

CUMMINGS
Sir, there are already six Navy photography teams assigned to the first assault wave.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
I don't care about any other photography teams. I want one of my own to film the heroism of those Navy engineers. I want this film made, Commander. Now, you get some Photographer's Mates and start making it.

CUMMINGS
Yes, sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Any questions?

CUMMINGS
No, sir.

Nobody else says anything, so the Admiral exits. A moment of silence fills the room until the CLICK of the outer office door being shut is HEARD. Cummings stands.

CUMMINGS
Now, how's that for a cockamamie assignment?

ELLENDER
Ever since his wife died last year he's been getting these eccentric flashes.

CUMMINGS (reaches for the phone)
He's got something in the back of his mind. I better check around and see if there are any unattached Photographer's Mates around.
(to Madison, now leaving)
Where are <u>you</u> going?

Madison waves an airy goodbye and exits.

39 CONT'D (4)

CUMMINGS (calling after him)
Call in around noon, Charlie.

EXT. STREET IN ST. JOHN'S WOODS SECTION, LONDON -DAY 40

LONG SHOT of Madison coming down the street of pleasant middle-class houses, each embedded in charming gardens and isolated by neatly-chopped hedges. Madison is carrying a candy box. It is a lovely, uncharacteristically sunny morning for London. Half the peaceful street, however, has been shattered by bombing, and parts of walls are all that remain of some of the houses. At the near end of the street, Madison finds the house he's looking for, one that is still intact. He unlatches the gate and goes up the walk.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - DAY 41

FULL SHOT of Madison rapping the clapper on the front door.

ACROSS Madison to the street, marking the ravages of war on this serene row of houses. The door behind Madison opens. He turns to it.

CLOSEUP of Emily in the open doorway, smiling like a well-fed cat. She's clearly a woman in love.

EMILY
Hello, Charlie. Just in time for tea.

CLOSEUP of Madison. He's in love, too. Obviously, last night went off very well.

MADISON (entering the house)
Thank you.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - FOYER 42

FULL SHOT of Madison and Emily in the darkish foyer. She's closing the door.

EMILY (notes the box he's carrying, frowns)
You've brought me a box of candy.

42
CONT'D
(1)

MADISON (proffering the box)
Two dozen Hershey bars.

EMILY (annoyed)
Well, that's very American of you, Charlie. You simply had to bring along some small token of opulence. Well, I don't want them.

She turns, annoyed, and starts for the living room, turns on the threshold.

EMILY
You Yanks can't show even affection without buying something.

MADISON (following her)
Well, don't get into a state over it. I thought you liked chocolates.

EMILY
I do. But my country's at war, and we're doing without chocolates for the while. And I don't want oranges, eggs and soap-flakes either. Don't show me how profitable it will be to fall in love with you, Charlie. Don't Americanize me.

Madison is staring into the living room.

MADISON'S POV. The CAMERA PANS SLOWLY around the living room. The room is flooded with family photographs and portraits. On the piano alone, there are some ten framed photographs of various sizes, showing men in uniform for the most part. On the wall hangs a portrait of a stern gray-haired fellow in his 50's, wearing sashes of honor across his chest and a variety of medals.

42
CONT'D
(2)

EMILY
That's my father. He lost a leg in the first war. Got the Victoria Cross for that. He died in an air raid a week after that portrait was painted.

That's my brother there.
(she indicates a photograph on the piano)
His name was Charlie, too, by the way. He was shot down during the Blitz. Sacrificed himself to save his squadron.

The one you're looking at now is my husband.

MADISON (holding a photograph)
He looks like a rake.

EMILY
Yes. He was very bawdy. I was insane about him. He died at Tobruk. The rest of the lot there are cousins. There's two of them still living. The family's been thinned out nicely, I must say.
(she takes Madison's arm)
Charlie, before we go out to my mother, I must tell you she's a little mad. You'll like her very much, she's very funny. But she may yatter away about my father and brother as if they were still alive. Just go along with her. You do understand.

MADISON
Oh, I get the point. You don't want my Hershey bars.

EMILY
Yes. I think it profane to enjoy this war.

She starts for the French doors to the garden. As she reaches for the knob, Madison stops her.

42 CONT'D (3)

MADISON
You know, I never realized what a sensual satisfaction grieving is for women.

EMILY (stiffens)
I'm not sure that was a very tasteful thing for you to say.

MADISON
I'm not sentimental about war. I see nothing noble in widows.

EMILY (smiles)
You're jealous of my husband. I like that.

She opens the French doors, and they go out.

EXT. GARDEN OF EMILY'S HOUSE - DAY 43

WIDE ANGLE SHOT as Emily and Madison come into the garden. Emily's Mother is seated at a small garden table, pouring tea. MRS. BARHAM is a tweedy lady in her 50's and as mad as the Hatter.

MRS. BARHAM
You've brought chocolates! A whole boxful! What a trove!

CLOSER GROUP SHOT as everyone sits and gets comfortable.

EMILY (sitting)
I've already refused them, Mother.

MADISON
On ascetic grounds.

MRS. BARHAM
You're an absolute flagellant, Emily.

EMILY (sipping tea)
Oh, take the things if you want them.

MRS. BARHAM
I'll take just one. I'll save the rest for my husband.
(whispers conspiratorially to Madison)
I take it you're Emily's new lover, since she hasn't bothered to introduce us.

43 CONT'D (2)

MADISON (whispers)
You must be her mother.

MRS. BARHAM
Ah, you've found the chink in my armor, have you? What are your religious beliefs, sir?

MADISON
I'm a practising coward.

MRS. BARHAM
Well, that is fervent of you.

EMILY
I should've know you two would get on. You're as potty as she is, Charlie.

MADISON (sipping tea)
Actually, before the war, I was an assistant night manager of a diplomatic hotel in Washington, D.C.

MRS. BARHAM
Whatever made you say that?

EMILY
Oh, Lord, I'm beginning to feel like Alice at the tea party.

MRS. BARHAM
The Commander is about to tell us of a religious experience, I think.

MADISON
Yes. Before the war, I was an assistant night manager of a diplomatic hotel in Washington, D.C. It was my job to arrange things for many of the great historical figures who came to Washington on great historical missions.

MRS. BARHAM
What exactly did you arrange?

MADISON
Usually, I arranged girls, but individual tastes varied, of course.

MRS. BARHAM
Of course.

43 CONT'D (3)

MADISON
I've arranged discreet midnight dinners for ambassadors and premiers, field marshals, commissars and cabinet ministers from just about every country in the world.

MRS. BARHAM
You have, as it were, seen history with its trousers off.

MADISON
Yes, its paunches and knobby knees, its rumpled bedsheets and creaking mattresses.

MRS. BARHAM
That sort of work is called pandering over here.

MADISON
Only when done on a commission basis.

MRS. BARHAM
All the difference, of course.

MADISON
Well, it's useful work, anyway, especially in a war. I was offered all sorts of commissions in the Army and Navy, the one I have now, in fact. Admiral Jessup phoned me to join his staff. But, I had always been a little embarrassed by my job at the hotel and wanted to do something redeeming. Have you noticed that war is the only chance a man gets to do something redeeming? That's why war's so attractive.

MRS. BARHAM
Yes, war is very handsome, I quite agree.

MADISON
At any rate, I turned down Admiral Jessup and enlisted in the Marines as a Private. I even applied for combat service. My wife, to all appearance a perfectly sensible woman, encouraged me in this idiotic decision. Seven months later, I found myself invading the Solomon

(continued)

43 CONT'D (4)

MADISON (continued)
Islands. There I was, splashing away in the shoals of Guadalcanal. It suddenly occurred to me that a man could get killed doing this kind of thing. The fact is, most of the men splashing along with me were screaming in agony and dying like flies. I don't think any of them wanted to die. Yet they had all volunteered for the Marines, and the odds on getting killed are pretty good in the Marines. To make it more grotesque, their wives, sweethearts and mother had all applauded their acts of suicide, and their children were proud of them for it. It was then I realized how admirable war was, the most admirable act of man. Those were brave men dying there. In peacetime, they had all been normal, decent cowards, frightened of their wives, trembling before their bosses, terrified at the passing of the years. But war had made them gallant. They had been greedy men; now they were self-sacrificing. They had been selfish; now they were generous. Hell, war isn't hell at all. It's man at his best, the highest morality he is capable of.

He sits back, crosses his legs, sips his tea, quite pleased apparently with his long statement. The two women wait expectantly for him to go on, and after a moment, Mrs. Barham says:

MRS. BARHAM
Well, you're not going to just leave us there, splashing at Guadalcanal.

EMILY
Never mind that. What's all this about a wife?

Madison sets his teacup down, leans back, folds his hands across his chest, studies the clear sky.

43
CONT'
(5)

MADISON
That night, I sat in the jungles of Guadalcanal, sopping wet and waiting to be killed, and all because there's a madman in Berlin, a homicidal paranoid in Moscow, a manic buffoon in Rome and a group of obsessed generals in Tokyo.

MRS. BARHAM
By George, he's right. They're all batty.

MADISON
I said to myself: "Charlie, you're as nutty as they are. Worse. At least, they're not sitting here in a jungle, waiting to be killed." It was then I had my blinding revelation.

MRS. BARHAM
Ah!

MADISON
I discovered I was a coward. That's my new religion. I'm a big believer in it. Cowardice will save the world. You see, cowards don't fight wars. They run like rabbits at the first shot. If everybody obeyed their natural impulse and ran like rabbits at the first shot, I don't see how we could possibly get to the second shot.

MRS. BARHAM
That seems perfectly sensible to me.

EMILY
Mother, he's just being facile.

43 CONT'D (6)

MADISON
It's not war that's insane, you see; it's the morality of it. It's not greed and ambition that makes wars; it's goodness. Wars are always fought for the best of reasons, for liberation or manifest destiny, always against tyranny and always in the interests of humanity. So far this war, we've butchered some ten million humans in the interest of humanity. The next war, it seems, we'll have to destroy all of man in order to preserve his damn dignity. It's not war that is unnatural to us; it's virture. As long as valor remains a virtue, we shall have soldiers. So I preach cowardice. Through cowardice, we shall all be saved.

MRS. BARHAM (stirred almost to tears)
That was exalting, Commander! Absolutely occult!

EMILY
Never mind the metaphysics, Commander. Let's get back to your wife.

MADISON (sipping his tea)
Well, needless to say, that first night in the jungle, I wrote to Admiral Jessup, saying in essence: "For heaven's sakes, get me out of this!" Two weeks later, I was transferred back to Washington. I raced home to my wife --

EMILY
And found her with another man.

MADISON
Oh, Lord, no. My wife, who had deceived me before the War more times than I care to think about, was now having the time of her life being faithful. She was furious with me for coming back. There was no reason for her being virtuous anymore. She promptly sued me for divorce on the grounds of religious differences. I was a Self-Preservationist, you see, and she was a High Anglican Sentimentalist.

43
CONT'D
(7)

EMILY (satisfied)
Well, you're fair game then.

MRS. BARHAM
After every war, you know, we always find out how unnecessary it was. After this one, I'm sure generals will dash off to write books about the blunders made by other generals, and statesmen will publish their secret diaries which will show beyond a doubt that the War could easily have been avoided in the first place.

The CAMERA EDGES IN on Mrs. Barham as her face suddenly clouds with pain. She is no longer the outlandish British dowager.

MRS. BARHAM (murmurs)
And the rest of us are, of course, left with the chores of bandaging the wounds and burying the dead.

ACROSS Mrs. Barham to Madison and Emily.

MADISON
I don't trust people who make bitter reflections about war, Mrs. Barham. It's always the generals with the bloodiest records who are the first to shout what a hell it is, and it's always the war widows who lead the Memorial Day parades.

EMILY
That was unkind, Charlie, and very rude.

CLOSEUP of Madison, quite serious himself now.

MADISON
We shall never end wars, Mrs. Barham, by blaming it on ministers and generals or war-mongering imperialists or all the other banal bogies. It's the rest of us who build statues to those generals and name boulevards after those ministers. It's the rest of us who make heroes of our dead and shrines of our battlefields. We wear our widow's weeds like nuns, Mrs. Barham, and perpetuate war by exalting its sacrifices. My brother died at Anzio --

EMILY
I didn't know that, Charlie.

43
CONT'D
(8)

MADISON (not taking his eyes from Mrs. Barham)
Yes. An everyday soldier's death, no special heroism involved. They buried what pieces they found of him. But my mother insists he died a brave death and pretends to be very proud.

MRS. BARHAM
Perhaps your mother needs this pretence to endure your brother's death, Charlie.

MADISON
He's dead, Mrs. Barham. He was killed at Anzio, an occasion for grief, even anger, but why pride?

MRS. BARHAM
You're very hard on your mother, Charlie. It seems a harmless pretence really.

MADISON
No, Mrs. Barham. You see, now my other brother can't wait to reach enlistment age. That will be in September.

MRS. BARHAM
Oh, Lord.

MADISON
It may be ministers and generals who blunder us into wars, Mrs. Barham, but the least the rest of us can do is to resist honoring the institution. What has my mother got for pretending bravery was admirable? She is under constant sedation and terrified she might wake up one morning and find her last son has run off to be brave. I don't think I was rude or unkind before, Mrs. Barham, do you?

ACROSS Madison to Mrs. Barham, perceptibly upset.

MRS. BARHAM
No.
(she stands suddenly)
You'd better push on, Emily, if you have to report in at one o'clock.

EMILY (starting off with Madison)
Give my best to father, then.

FULL SHOT of Mrs. Barham, standing by the tea table, staring at the cups. She has begun to cry. 43 CONT'D (9)

MRS. BARHAM
Your father died in the Blitz, Emily.

FULL SHOT of Emily pausing on her way to the house with Madison, turning and regarding her mother carefully.

ACROSS Emily and Madison to Mrs. Barham.

MRS. BARHAM
And your brother died a brave and pointless death in December 1940. I've carried on much too long with it as it is.

Emily takes a solicitous step to her mother.

MRS. BARHAM
Do go, Emily. I really do want to be alone.

She looks full face at Madison, her eyes filled with tears.

MRS. BARHAM
You're a very kind man, Commander. Please come again.

MADISON
Thank you, ma'am. I'd like to.

He turns, takes Emily's arm and leads her back to the French doors of the house.

WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing Madison and Emily going to the house. Emily keeps looking back at her mother who is standing now, head up, tears coursing down her cheeks, crying unashamedly.

EXT. NAVY BUILDING - GROSVENOR SQUARE - NIGHT 44

INT. ADMIRAL JESSUP'S OFFICE 45

Admirals Jessup, Healy and Hoyle at the end of a long conference. They are in shirtsleeves, collars open, ties askew, drawn and exhausted. The desk which serves as a conference table, is covered by a welter of documents, maps, charts, etc. The huge wall map is dotted with markers.

45 CONT'D (2)

ADMIRAL HEALY
--and, at the same time, Jessie, it has to be a neap tide, so we can unload all the Army's heavy stuff with a minimum of open beach to cross. Jessie, D-Day has to be June Fifth or Sixth. We won't repeat these tidal conditions for half a year - at least with a moon -- and that'll put us into the winter -- Why don't we knock this briefing off, Jessie? We've been at it since three.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (on verge of exhaustion)
Yes, I'm tired, George. The portable port plan took me half a year to push through the Pentagon, let alone the British. I haven't got but two, three hours' sleep a night since Florence died. I'm really worn out.

ADMIRAL HOYLE
Why don't we get a couple of beers and get a decent sleep?

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Yeah, let's really tie one on tonight.

Cummings, aide-de-camp, enters, bringing more documents.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Bus, call Charlie Madison and tell him to set up a little bar at the hotel.

INT. MADISON'S ROOM - WESTCHESTER 46

Madison is extracting two bottles of Bourbon from a case. Emily is sipping tea.

MADISON (going to living room door)
Back in a minute.

INT. LIVING-ROOM - ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE - WESTCHESTER HOTEL 47

as Madison enters with the liquor. Cummings is waiting for him, takes the bottles from him. Laughter issues from the Admiral's room.

47 CONT' (2)

CUMMINGS
The old man's really tying one on tonight.

MADISON
He's earned it.

More laughter comes out of the Admiral's room.

INT. ADMIRAL JESSUP'S BEDROOM - WESICHESTER HOTEL 48

As Cummings enters with bottles. The three Admirals are laughing so hard they can hardly breathe. Admiral Hoyle is bent over, clutching his sides, stamping about. Admiral Healy is sitting on a hard-back chair, a helpless heap of laughter. Admiral Jessup is weaving about the room, barely able to gasp out a story he is telling.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
-- "Hey!" says this master-at-arms, "Hey, you cadets there in the bushes --"

This provokes a fresh wave of wheezing and grunting.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
"Hey, you cadets!" this jimmy-legs says. We weren't called midshipman then, remember? We were called Naval Cadets ---

ADMIRAL HOYLE (singing)
I've drunk your health in company,
I've drunk your health alone....

ADMIRAL JESSUP
This was before they made Bancroft Hall into a dormitory because the O.O.D. was sitting in his ---

He just can't go on for laughing. He dissolves into wheezes and headshaking.

ADMIRAL HEALY
Remember when they christened the Kansas with a bottle of water and ---

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Anyway ---

ADMIRAL HOYLE (singing)
I've drunk your health so many times
I've damn near ruined my own.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
"Hey, you cadets!" this jimmy-leg says -- 48 CONT'D (2)

The three Admirals burst into a fresh wail of laughter. They sink back onto chairs and/or the bed, gasping for air.

ADMIRAL HEALY
Oh! --- Oh! --- Oh!---

GROUP SHOT of the three Admirals, Jessup and Healy slumped on the bed, Hoyle straddling a hard-backed chair, three old bull walruses. Cummings enters the frame with a fresh drink for Admiral Jessup, disappears silently. A moment of pensive silence settles over the old Romans.

ADMIRAL HEALY
They're going to unify the services after the war, Jessie?

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Looks that way. The Joint Committee on Military Affairs is holding hearings at the end of June. It's ostensibly about the Army's new bombers, but it's really about the Army pushing to be the dominant service in the Military Establishment.

ADMIRAL HEALY
A lot of talk about making the air corps a separate service.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Yeah. Every Senator in Washington is infatuated with strategic bombing.
(lurching to his feet)
You don't win wars with strategic bombers! If you did, Hitler would be sitting in this Hotel instead of us.

ADMIRAL HOYLE
Right!

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Hitler ruled the skies, and he had the greatest army in the world, but he couldn't cross thirty miles of English Channel! Hitler had everything but a Navy, and now he's finished!
(he reels around the room, roaring with rage)
This planet is five-sixths water! God made it that way, and that's the way it's going to stay! In this world, you're as strong as your sea-power!

46
CONT'D
(3)

ADMIRAL HEALY (beginning to laugh again)
You tell 'em Jessie.

Admiral Jessup has focused his blurred eye on poor Cummings, standing by his improvised bar on the wall-table.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (roaring)
Boy! My father was class of 1869! He beat Army two-to-nothing when they were still pitching baseball underhand!

ADMIRAL HEALY (roaring with laughter)
I wish he was pitching for us this year, Jessie!

ADMIRAL JESSUP (to Cummings)
My grandfather died slipping a sloop through the Union blockade at Charleston!

CUMMINGS
Yes, sir.

ADMIRAL HOYLE
I knew we'd get to the Civil War all right!

ADMIRAL JESSUP (rivetting Cummings with a bleary eye)
My people have shipped out for this country under sail, wood and diesel ever since Captain John Smith left a Jessup to hold Jamestown in Sixteen Ten! And I'm not going to see the Navy sucking runt's udder in my time, I'll tell you that!

CUMMINGS
Yes, sir.

The Admiral turns and exchanges looks with the other two Admirals. They promptly sail off into another flight of howling laughter, stomping about, wheezing and gasping for air.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Oh. --- By George! --- Oh!
(he smiles over to Cummings)
Hey, Bus, how's that movie coming along?

INT. MADISON'S ROOM - WESTCHESTER HOTEL 49

Madison in soft chair as Emily pours him tea. Cummings enters from the living room. In b.g., we hear a muffled shouting.

CUMMINGS
Charlie, you'd better come in here.

Cummings is sufficiently anxious of manner to make Madison stand promptly and follow him out.

MADISON
What's the matter?

CUMMINGS
C'mon, you'll see.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE - WESTCHESTER HOTEL - TIGHT GROUP SHOT 50

of Admiral Jessup, a sagging dead weight, being held up by Admirals Healy and Hoyle, framed in the doorway of the Admiral's room. Admiral Jessup is staring gauntly, fixedly at the floor and is shouting hoarsely:

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Florence! --- Florence! ---

REVERSE ANGLE ACROSS the three Admirals as Cummings and Madison enter.

ADMIRAL HEALY (muttering to Jessup)
Take it easy, Jessie.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (shouting)
Florence! --- Florence! ---

Madison relieves Admiral Healy, wrapping Admiral Jessup's arm around his own neck.

MADISON (to Admiral Healy)
All right, I've got him, sir.
(to Cummings)
Help me get him on the bed, Bus.

Cummings relieves Admiral Hoyle.

ADMIRAL HEALY
Think we ought to call a doctor?

MADISON
He'll be all right, sir.

50. CONT'D (2)

The two Commanders slowly bear their sagging Admiral to his bed.

INT. BEDROOM, ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE - WESTCHESTER HOTEL -FULL SHOT - THE TWO AIDES

51

bearing the Admiral through the doorway into the dark bedroom.

MADISON
What happened?

CUMMINGS
I don't know. He asked me about that silly movie. I told him I couldn't locate any Photographer's Mates, and since he hadn't brought the matter up again, I had let it slide. He began yelling for his wife. We couldn't stop him.

They get the Admiral onto the bed. Madison loosens the old man's collar.

MADISON
Okay, Gus, I'll take care of him.

The Admiral opens his eyes. Cummings in b.g., at the door, watching, concerned.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (hoarsely)
I want you to make this movie for me, Charlie. I want you to take charge. I want you to make this movie for me, Charlie.

CLOSE UP of Madison. He looks up slowly from removing the Admiral's shoes. He regards the Admiral for a moment, frowning, and then with compassion.

MADISON (gently)
Sure, Admiral, you leave it to me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CURZON STREET THEATRE - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT OF A MOVIE HOUSE 51A

The marquee is blank except for the words: FOR MILITARY USE ONLY.

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - CURZON STREET THEATRE 52

A Sailor is threading the projector. Madison attends.

SAILOR
Okay, Commander.

Madison nods, exits booth.

INT. AUDITORIUM - CURZON STREET THEATRE 53

as Madison enters. Cummings and Ellender are slumped in their seats in an otherwise empty auditorium.

MADISON
We might as well see some of this film before the Admiral comes.

The house lights go down. A shaft of light shoots out of the projection booth. On the screen we see leader running through.

MADISON
This is the combat engineers in training.

He takes a seat near the others. On the screen, a roughly printed credit suddenly appears: COMBAT DEMOLITION ENGINEERS - RESTRICTED. The film depicts the following narration.

NARRATION
This is a beach somewhere on the west coast of Wales. It has been prepared to be an exact duplicate of the beaches of France where the invasion of Europe will take place. Every foot has been mined. A six foot barrier blocks any approach at the low-water mark. Three years of German ingenuity have gone into making that beach impregnable. How will we get our troops, tanks and weapons across that beach? That's the job of the Navy Combat Demolition Engineers. Here, on this secret beach in Wales, the Navy

GROUP SHOT of Madison, Cummings, Ellender. 53 CONT'D (2)

MADISON (to Cummings)
How did I get into this anyway?

An explosion on the screen blasts through the theatre. Madison looks back to the screen. On the screen we see a squad of demolition engineers splashing through shoulder-high water.

NARRATION
This is only a dry run. On D-Day these engineers will be under heavy mortar and artillery fire.

MADISON
Thanks a lot.

ELLENDER
Shut up, Charlie, I'm trying to watch the picture.

MADISON
You won't like it, Marv. It got lousy reviews.

Another explosion as another mine is blown up on the screen. Madison winces.

NARRATION
Those pieces of tapes are to mark the cleared channels.

Another explosion on screen. Madison sighs.

NARRATION
Each squad must clear an alley fifty feet wide for our troops to advance on the beaches.

Somebody slips into the seat behind Madison. He looks to see who it is; it's the Admiral.

NARRATION
These American sailors will actually be the first men to assault Hitler's European bastion.

TWO SHOT across Madison to the Admiral leaning forward in the seat behind him.

53 CONT' (3)

ADMIRAL JESSUP
That fact, Charlie, is exactly what I want clearly recorded on film. I want you and your photographers to get into the water with those engineers and film their activities right up to the beaches.

MADISON
Would you like us to start this movie again from the beginning, sir?

ADMIRAL JESSUP (standing)
No, I've got to run. You're on the right track, Charlie.

He starts up the aisle to the rear. Another explosion blasts out from the screen.

MADISON (stands)
Sir?

ADMIRAL JESSUP (almost to rear doors)
Yes, Charlie?

NARRATION (o.s.)
End Reel One, combat Demolition Engineers, Wales, Training Film.

WIDE ANGLE SHOT across Madison in f.g. showing the empty theatre as the houselights come up.

MADISON
Sir, I get the feeling a man could get killed making this movie.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (frowns briefly)
A lot of men are going to get killed on D-Day Commander.

MADISON
I would like to be relieved of this assignment, sir. It seems like a lot of risk to take for no particular reason, sir.

The temperature in the theatre drops about forty degrees as the Admiral examines Madison with an icy look; Ellender, who has been dozing, wakes up. Cummings, who has been sitting, now stands.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
I'm ordering you to make this film, Commander. That's reason enough.

53 CONT'D (4)

MADISON
It seems to me, sir, that all that's at stake here is a matter of Naval Public Relations.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (barks)
No, Commander! What's at stake here is the essence of the military structure, the inviolability of command! I've given you an order, and you'll obey it, or I'll have you brigged! Is that clear?

MADISON
Yes, sir.

There is a brisk exchange of salutes between the Admiral and the members of his team. The Admiral exits. Nobody else moves. A long silence settles over the theatre.

MADISON (perching on an arm of a seat)
Well, what do we do now?

CUMMINGS (starting up the aisle)
Well, I don't know what Marvin's doing, but I'm going back to my office, Charlie, and cut your orders, Charlie.

MADISON
What orders?

CUMMINGS
Your orders authorizing you to transfer unattached personnel to your photographic unit.

MADISON
Oh, come on, Bus. I'm not going to make any silly movie.

CUMMINGS
Charlie, there aren't any unattached photographic personnel. I already checked. So report to me next week about that, and I'll cut you some new orders. I'll cut you temporary duty orders, flights orders -- By the time I finish cutting you orders for this movie, the war'll be over. Now, do it my way.

MADISON
I don't like it. It's devious.

53 CONT'D (5)

CUMMINGS
Well, you tried the forthright frontal assault, and you pretty near got yourself courtmartialled, stripped of your commission, and sent to the Arctic Circle to do polar research. Man, you don't tell Two-Star Admirals you don't approve of their orders. Now you're on the Admiral's brig list, so I'll assign you to Exeter and Portland or one of the other channel ports for the purpose of making preliminary investigations and just stay out of the Admiral's sight. I'll assign Emily as your driver. You'll have a holiday for yourself. Now do this my way, Charlie.

Madison stares sceptically at Cummings and then looks over at Ellender, dozing off in his chair.

MADISON
A nutty situation, huh, Marv?

Ellender shrugs.

MADISON (to Commings)
All right. I'll go to Sussex with Emily for a week. Not such a bad deal. It should be lovely in Sussex this time of year.

54 EXT. THE ROLLING DOWNS OF SUSSEX - DAY - LANDSCAPE SHOT

LONG LANDSCAPE SHOT showing the rolling downs of Sussex on a lovely June afternoon. It is a particularly idyllic scene, with a small herd of sheep grazing on a high ground and a stream overhung with shady trees wandering through the frame. A punt, poled by an indistinguishable male, drifts lazily into view.

FULL SHOT of the punt. The man turns out to be Madison in his Navy trousers with the cuffs rolled and his shirt open at the collar. Emily, in a skirt and sweater and flourishing a parasol, reclines against pillows in the bow. A picnic hamper sits in the middle of the punt. An Edwardian pastoral.

CLOSEUP of Emily, eyes closed, utterly at peace.

EMILY
As Sheila would say, "It's too bloody love-ly, really it is."

54 CONT'D (2)

MADISON (having his troubles steering the punt)
Well, you're not doing the bloody poling.

EMILY
It's defiant, is it? Just give it a big push.

Madison thrusts the pole into the bank with the intention of pushing strenuously off, but the soft earth of the bank yields and the pole slips. Madison almost pitches into the river. The punt lunges out into midstream and slides softly across to a heavily-shaded little island in the river. Emily laughs.

EXT. ISLAND IN RIVER - DAY - FULL SHOT 55

as Emily, holding her parasol and followed by Madison carrying the picnic hamper, climbs a small grassy knoll, obviously for the use of picnicking lovers. Emily is now in a laughing jag. Little snorts of laughter escape her, and she has to wipe the tears from her eyes. She sinks down onto the grass, her shoulders shaking silently. Madison sets the hamper down and stands looking down at her. Now, she bursts helplessly into an unleashed spasm of open laughter and falls back on the grass to lie staring helplessly up at the sun glinting in fragments through the overhanging foliage, laughing as if she had finally remembered the mechanics of it.

CLOSEUP of Madison looking down at her, very much in love.

CLOSEUP of Emily lying on the grass, eyes closed, as the spasm slowly subsides. Finally, a long last sigh shudders through her. Her eyes open slowly, and she stares up at Madison, as he sits beside her.

EMILY (murmurs)
Oh, Charlie, Charlie, Charlie, Charlie, Charlie --

MADISON
I love you, Emily.

TIGHT TWO SHOT as they embrace on the grass.

EMILY
How many more weeks will we have, Charlie?

55
CONT'D
(2)

MADISON
Three, maybe four. I know the Admiral has to be back in Washington the end of June.

EMILY
Oh, Lord, I hope I don't get pregnant.
(sits up)
I told myself a hundred times:"Don't get earnest about this man. It's the casual thing, a brief, passionate explosion. Don't get sticky about it, for heaven's sake." Well, I'm sticky, Charlie. I'm sticky as hell! I'm insanely in love with you.

She cries bitterly. Madison reaches over for his jacket on the ground a few feet away.

MADISON
Have you ever given any thought to getting married?

Emily abruptly stops crying.

EMILY
You really do cut to the core of things, Charlie.

MADISON (extracting some papers from his jacket)
I've got some Navy marriage applications here.

EMILY
Charlie, let's be sensible about this.

MADISON
Emily, we're both nuts about each other; let's get married.

EMILY
We're essentially incompatible, Charlie. Don't leer; it's nothing to do with that. It's a matter of our fundamental approaches to life. We're poles apart. I have this ingrained British morality, and you, Charlie, are the most immoral man I've ever known. You're a shamless coward, as selfish as a child, interested only in what's in it for you, and pretty ruthless about getting it. For all your charm, you're a scoundrel, Charlie. It seems I don't mind making love to scoundrels,

55 CONT'D (3)

EMILY (continued)
but I think it immoral to marry one. You lack principles, Charlie. Isn't there anything you'd die for?

MADISON
Sure. I'd die for you, if it ever came down to that.

EMILY (deeply touched)
I really think you would at that.

MADISON
There's a lot of things I'd die for, Emily - my family, my home, my country. But that's love, not principle. Now, if I were to bring a raging lion into the house just to prove I'd die for you, that would be highly principled of me, but what's a lion doing in a man's house anyway?

EMILY (tears well in her eyes)
Oh, shut up.

MADISON
Emily, Washington's a big, international city with a large British colony. There's probably half a dozen people there you already know.

EMILY
As a matter of fact, there is.

MADISON
It isn't going to be purgatory.

EMILY (smiling through the tears)
It wouldn't matter if it were. Whither thou goest, Charlie.
(folds the applications)
Charlie, I don't want to sign these right now. I'll take them back to London with us tonight. I don't know why, but I feel I need a few hours alone with this.

MADISON
Sure.

They are both embarrassed by her reluctance. They avoid each other's eyes.

EXT. REAR PROJECTION - WESTCHESTER HOTEL - NIGHT 55A

In their car as it pulls up to the hotel with Madison driving and Emily dozing off, her head against the window of her car.

EXT. WESTCHESTER HOTEL - NIGHT 56-58

In the car, now come to a halt in front of the hotel, Madison shakes Emily's shoulder.

MADISON
We're back.

He slips out of the car. Emily, with a drowsy sigh, slithers across behind the wheel. Madison opens the rear door and fetches out his valise. He closes the rear door, and now the driver's door, leans on the open window, and he and Emily regard each other with the bemused smiles traditional with intoxicated lovers.

ACROSS Madison leaning on the car window to Emily behind the steering wheel.

EMILY
I've been very silly, Charlie. Of course, I'll marry you. I'll give you the signed documents in the morning. I love you very much, Charlie.

ACROSS Emily to Madison in the car window.

MADISON
Lord, I hope you get pregnant.

He withdraws from the window, turns and drifts up the steps into the hotel.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ADM. JESSUP'S SUITE 59-60

LONG SHOT looking down the length of hallway as Madison comes ambling dreamily down to the living room door of the suite. He extracts a key from his pocket, lets himself in.

INT. MADISON'S ROOM 61-62

as Madison enters. He switches on the overhead light, sinks onto the soft chair by the bed, the incorrigible smile on his face.

ACROSS Madison to his bed. There is a white 8 x 12 paper on his bed. After a moment, it catches his eye. He turns his head ever so slightly to get a better look at it and finally reaches over for it with a weary sigh. He reads the paper disinterestedly for a moment, but; bit by bit, his attention is involved.

MADISON
Who? -- What? -- What? -- What is this?

He stands, moving a step into better light and finishes reading the mimeographed paper. Then turning on his heel he strides past the crates and cartons to the door leading to the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE 63

as Madison strides out of his room. He strides up the corridor three doors to the door of Lt. Commander Cummings' room. Without bothering to knock, he opens the door and strides in.

INT. CUMMINGS' ROOM 64

as Madison strides in, a shaft of light from the hallway following him in. Otherwise, Cummings' room is dark. Two bodies leap from the bed. They are Lt. Commander Cummings in his pyjama top and still another of his NAMELESS BROADS who is not even wearing that.

NAMELESS BROAD NO. 3
(promptly wailing away)
I've never done this sort of thing before! He got me drunk! I was dragged up here against my --

CUMMINGS
Oh, shut up!

MADISON (brandishing the paper)
What's this all about?

CUMMINGS
For Pete's sake, close the door!

64 CONT'D (2)

NAMELESS BROAD NO. 3
I'm a decent girl! They gave me knockout drops!

CUMMINGS (closing the door)
Will you shut up!

MADISON (turning on the light)
Now, look, Bus --

NAMELESS BROAD NO. 3
Who turned the bloody lights on?

CUMMINGS
Charlie, turn off the bloody lights!

MADISON
I want to read this thing to you.

CUMMINGS (turning off the lights)
I know what it is! I drew it up!

MADISON
It's an order assigning me to a demolition unit in Portland.

CUMMINGS
I know what it is!

MADISON
What are you yelling about?

CUMMINGS
What do you mean, what am I yelling about? Don't you ever knock?

MADISON
All right. I'm sorry.

CUMMINGS
For Pete's sakes.
(to the Nameless Broad, who is darting around the dark room)
Will you stop jumping around?

NAMELESS BROAD NO. 3
I'm naked, dear. I'm looking for something to put on.

64
CONT'D
(3)

CUMMINGS
This is my best friend, you dotty witch, not the house detective. Now, just stand at attention while Commander Madison and I confer.

The Nameless Broad, naked as a jaybird, stands to attention in b.g. Cummings sits wearily down on the edge of his bed.

CUMMINGS
I tell you, Charlie, ever since you're away all the time, I have to dig up my own girls, and I sure get some beauts. Now, Charlie, the Admiral came into my office yesterday and said: "I want Madison immediately assigned to a demolition unit." So I cut your orders. You and your camera crew will report to the Port Commander at Portland at 2200 hours on the fourth of June --

MADISON
The fourth of June is tomorrow.

CUMMINGS
I know the fourth of June is tomorrow. You just fill in the names.

MADISON
What names?

CUMMINGS
The names of your camera crew.

MADISON
I don't have any camera crew. What's the matter with you, Bus?

CUMMINGS
I know you don't have any camera crew, but by 1000 hours tomorrow morning I'll have cut flight orders for this camera crew you don't have on the 1900 flight to Portland with a copy of each order for COMINCH, SHAEF, COMNAVEU, COMLANCRABEU and for the Port Commander Portland PORLANCRABEU. It'll take me at least two hours just to rescind those orders, let alone draft you new flight orders, new requisition orders, new pay orders, new --

64
CONT'D
(4)

MADISON
All right, don't get so swept up by the sheer artistry of it all. This order here specifically states I'm assigned to the 6th Naval Engineer Unit. This whole silly movie is now official Navy business with a copy each for COMINCH, SHAEF and PORLANCRABEU.

CUMMINGS
Charlie, the balloon's going up any day now. The Admiral's been down in Southampton at Supreme Command more often than he's in town this last week. I give you my word, this whole movie thing -- within a week, Charlie -- will slowly disappear into the swamps of Navy red-tape.

Madison scowls reasonably mollified.

MADISON
All right. Listen, can you assign Emily and me to the Lake District next week?

CUMMINGS
The Lake District?

NAMELESS BROAD NO. 3
Oh, it's lovely up there.

Cummings looks wearily to the Nameless Broad, still standing at attention in b.g.

CUMMINGS (muttering to Madison)
This one really takes the cake, Charlie. Look, we don't have anything in the Lake District. How about Cornwall? Land's End. Rocky cliffs overlooking the sea. Very romantic. We've got an amphibious training base in Falmouth. I could assign you there.

MADISON
Sounds very nice. We'll take it.
(starts for the door, pauses with his hand on the knob)
I'm going to marry her, Gus.

64 CONT'D (5)

Cummings, sitting on the bed, looks slowly up. In moments of stress, Cummings has a tendency to get a bit earnest, if not utterly cliche. He stands, strides forcefully to Madison at the door, grips his friend's hand and stares searchingly into Madison's eyes.

CUMMINGS
You're getting a great girl, Charlie.

MADISON
Thank you, Bus.

CUMMINGS (now thumps Madison's shoulder)
Buddy, I'm going to throw you the biggest spread this old town's ever seen. The whole works, formal Annapolis wedding, arch of sabers and all.
(clutches Madison's hand, all Academy earnestness again)
Congratulations, Sailor.

MADISON (deeply fond of Cummings despite the latter's impulse to intense sincerity)
Thank you, mate. I'll see you tomorrow morning in the office.
(opens the door)

Cummings administers one more comradely poke in the shoulder.

CUMMINGS
See you tomorrow morning, buddy.

MADISON
Okay, buddy.

He exits, closing the door. Cummings turns to the Nameless Broad, still at attention in the b.g. shadows, and beams at her.

CUMMINGS
You may stand at ease now, sailor.

The Nameless Broad promptly slinks up to Cummings, wraps her arms around Cummings, and kisses him passionately.

INT. CUMMINGS' OFFICE - NEXT MORNING 65

FULL SHOT showing Cummings busy on the phone behind his desk and Madison, who has pulled a chair up to the desk, busy on the other phone. They are both in mid-conversation as we CUT IN.

MADISON
--I don't want ninety proof --

CUMMINGS
Motor Pool, please --

MADISON
This is for some Russians, Iggie, and they're always making cracks about the impotence of our American vodka --

CUMMINGS
--Cummings here in Admiral Jessup's office --

MADISON (hangs up, immediately picks up the receiver again -- to Cummings)
These Russians still like their women short and fat and reactionary?

CUMMINGS (nods; on phone)
-- A driver to take Admiral Jessup to Southampton at 0930 --

MADISON (to Cummings, nodding his head at the Admiral's door)
Who's in there with him, Marv?

Cummings nods.

INT. ADMIRAL JESSUP'S OFFICE 66

MED. SHOT ACROSS the Admiral behind his desk to Captain Ellender sitting in front of the desk, face down, intently reading from a notebook on his lap.

ELLENDER
Now, Jessie, we come to your research project in the Arctic Circle. We received a second cable yesterday afternoon from Norris. Jessie, the North Pole project is going to go right down the drain unless you raise a little hell again. Jessie --

Now, Ellender pauses in his pitch and just stares at the Admiral. An odd humming SOUND begins to suggest itself into b.g. 66 CONT'D (2)

ELLENDER (frowning with concern)
Jessie --

CAMERA SLOWLY DOLLIES from behind the Admiral to BEHIND Capt. Ellender until we see what Ellender is seeing. Admiral Jessup is seated behind his desk, slumped, his eyes staring vacuously at his desktop, his lower jaw hanging slackly, and the odd humming SOUND is coming from his oddly open mouth.

CLOSEUP of Ellender, just a little bit frightened.

ELLENDER
Jessie --

INT. CUMMINGS' OFFICE 67

Cummings is now busy over his deskful of administrative papers, but Madison is still hunched over his phone.

MADISON (on phone)
-- Ah, Imogene, tracked you down, have I? Charlie Madison here. Listen, love you haven't lost any weight, have you? --

ACROSS Madison and Cummings to the Admiral's door. Ellender appears in the doorway, visibly upset.

MADISON (on phone)
-- or sacrificed any of your Tory principles -- Yes, some more Russians --

ELLENDER
Hey, come here a minute.
(Madison and Cummings look up; barking)
I said, come here a minute!

MADISON (on phone)
I'll call you back.

He hangs up. He and Cummings both rise and go around the desk to join Ellender in the doorway to the Admiral's office.

Their POV. Admiral Jessup is now squatting in a corner of the room, his knees drawn up to his chin, staring with unrelenting vacuity at the bare wall opposite him. 67 CONT'D (2)

REVERSE ANGLE TIGHT REACTION SHOT of his three aides--Ellender registering compassion, Cummings registering confusion, and Madison registering shock.

REVERSE TIGHT SHOT of the Admiral, squatting in his catatonic state.

MADISON'S VOICE
Admiral --

REVERSE ANGLE on the three aides.

CUMMINGS
Holy cow.

MADISON
We better get a doctor.

ELLENDER
Jessie --

The three aides step back into Cummings' office. Cummings quickly closes the Admiral's door.

CUMMINGS
He's supposed to be in Southampton in an hour at a meeting of the Joint Supreme Command.

MADISON
Are you out of your mind? That poor man's in a schizophrenic state. We've got to get him to a hospital.

CUMMINGS
Yeah, I suppose you're right.
(goes to the door, pauses)
He's really flipped, huh? Yeah, well, I better tell Admiral Healy about this.

He exits.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CUMMINGS' OFFICE 68

as Cummings comes out. He hurries down the hallway to a corner office. Two Seaman-Clerks hurry past him going the other way. Cummings opens the door of the corner office and goes in.

INT. CAPT. SPAULDING'S OFFICE

as Cummings enters, nervously closing the door after himself. Capt. Spaulding, who is Admiral Healy's administrative aide, has an office identical to Cummings.

SPAULDING (busy at his desk)
Hiya, Bus.

CUMMINGS
Listen, Harry, something serious has come up. I think Admiral Jessup has gone mad, really flipped. I'd like to see Admiral Healy about this right away.

SPAULDING (looking up from his work)
Admiral Healy's leaving for Southhampton with Admiral Jessup in about five minutes.

CUMMINGS
Well, Admiral Jessup isn't going to Southampton. Harry, this is urgent. Admiral Jessup has cracked up.

SPAULDING
What do you mean, Admiral Jessup has cracked up?

CUMMINGS
I mean he's cracked up. He's sitting on the floor of his office right now in a trance.

Spaulding regards Cummings quizzically.

SPAULDING
Do I read you right, Commander? Are you saying that Three-Star Admiral William Jessup has cracked up?

CUMMINGS
You know, you're a pompous ass, Harry.

SPAULDING (stands)
This better not be a gag.

CUMMINGS
Do you think I'd joke about a thing like this?

69 CONT'D (2)

SPAULDING (coming around the desk)
The Service takes a dim view of Lieutenant Commanders who go around calling the Adjutant to the Secretary of the Navy a nut.

Cummings wrenches the door open and hurries out into the hallway, followed by Captain Spaulding, who has paused to collect the cane he affects.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SPAULDING'S OFFICE - NAVY BUILDING 70

as Cummings and Spaulding come out. As they stride down to Cummings' office, the Admiral comes out of that office and comes striding up to Spaulding's office. He is carrying his attache case and seems in the best of spirits.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (as they pass each other)
Hello, Harry, Admiral Healy ready?

SPAULDING (continuing on to Cummings' office)
He's waiting for you, sir. Admiral Hoyle and Magnuson are in his office.

By now, Spaulding and Cummings realize it was Admiral Jessup who had just gone by, and Spaulding does a complete turn and starts back after the Admira, and then does another turn to find Madison and Ellender coming out of Cummings' office.

SPAULDING
Now, what the hell is this all about?

MADISON
Harry, Jessup's a very sick man, and --

SPAULDING
You know, this sort of joke is tasteless enough from you two -- (turns to Cummings who is utterly confused) -- but from an Academy man it's obscene.

He follows an unhappy Cummings into Cummings' office.

INT. CUMMINGS' OFFICE - NAVY BUILDING 71

as Cummings followed by Spaulding, Madison and Ellender enter.

SPAULDING
You shore sailors ought to be sent out on a tour of duty just to --

CUMMINGS (erupting)
All right, Spaulding, I've had just about enough of your bilge! This blowhard here did four months as a mess officer in the South Pacific, and he's been playing old sea-salt ever since. Well, I didn't ask for a desk job. I've applied for line duty seven times, and you know it! And don't start pulling Academy on me. I was a cadet four-striper, and you never made more than midshipman adjutant of a lousy battalion.

SPAULDING
This outburst is bad joss, Commander, bad joss.

CUMMINGS
Well, don't start jackming me up like you were my senior cadet-officer.

MADISON
Listen, while you two schoolboys--

CUMMINGS (wheeling on Madison)
And I don't want to hear any more cracks about us schoolboys! You civilian sailors seem to think there's something funny about a man taking pride in his service! Well, sir, permit me to inform you, sir, that I'm damn proud of being an Annapolis man, sir!

He wheels back to Spaulding, throws a whacking sharp salute. Spaulding returns a whacking sharp salute, turns crisply on his heel and strides out of the office.

MADISON
Look, fellows, right now the Admiral is on his way to South--

CUMMINGS (still fuming)
I didn't ask for this lousy desk job! I've got bad eyes! What can I do?

(CONTINUED)

CUMMINGS (Continued) 71 CONT'D (2)
Do you think I want to tell my kids that on D-Day their father was shacked up in the Westchester Hotel?

MADISON
For Pete's sakes, Bus!

The door suddenly opens, and Capt. Spaulding reappears. He is quite sombre now. The others turn to him, sensing something has happened.

SPAULDING
Admiral Healy wants to see you, Bus.

CUMMINGS
What happened?

SPAULDING
I don't know. They're taking Admiral Jessup to his hotel.

CUMMINGS
He must have flipped again.

ELLENDER
We better get over to the hotel, Charlie.

SPAULDING
No, stay here. Healy may want to see you too. They're getting a doctor for him.

He follows Cummings who is hurrying out of the office. A moment of silence. Madison sits on a chair. Ellender shuffles to the window, stares out.

ELLENDER
Well, that's the end of your silly movie anyway, Charlie.

MADISON (depressed)
Yeah. Poor old guy.

INT. ADMIRAL HEALY'S OFFICE - NAVY BUILDING 72

WIDE ANGLE GROUP SHOT, showing Admiral Healy sitting behind his desk, and Cummings standing at formal ease in front of the desk. Admiral Hoyle sits to the side of the desk, and a third Admiral, ADMIRAL MAGNUSON, leans against a wall.

ADMIRAL HEALY (squinting at Cummings)
--A movie? A movie designed to show the first dead man on Omaha Beach was a sailor?

72
CONT'D
(2)

CUMMINGS
Yes, Sir.

Capt.Spaulding enters from his own office with a letter for Admiral Healy.

ADMIRAL HEALY (taking the letter)
I got an odd letter from the Under Chief of Naval Operations in today's pouch. That's what I was asking Jessup about when he went wild.

Capt. Spaulding returns with a file folder which he places before Admiral Healy. The Admiral extracts a paper.

ADMIRAL HOYLE
It's nearly twenty of ten, Tom.

ADMIRAL HEALY
Yeah.
(reads from the letter)
"Etcetra--etcetra--etcetra-- The President expressed interest in some moving picture Jessup is making. Apparently, Jessup has written directly to the President about this. I wish Jessup would keep me informed, even on these little private projects of his.
(scowls, reads on)
Also, at the end of the meeting, Harry Begley, the President's assistant, made reference to a Tomb for the Unknown Sailor.
(puts the paper down, looks across to Cummings)
What Tomb for the Unknown Sailor, Commander?

CUMMINGS
I don't know, Sir. I had no idea Admiral Jessup was in communication with the President or Harry Begley.

ADMIRAL HEALY (to the other Admirals)
Do you know anything about a Tomb for an Unknown Sailor?

ADMIRAL MAGNUSON
I assume Jessup meant the first dead sailor on Omaha Beach to be the sailor in the tomb.

ADMIRAL HEALY
What tomb?

72
CONT'I
(3)

ADMIRAL HEALY
There's no Tomb for--Oh, I see. I take it this is another of Jessie's projects.

Admiral Healy scowls, hands the file back to Captain Spaulding.

ADMIRAL HEALY (to Cummings)
This movie about the demolition engineers, Commander -- is such a movie being made?

CUMMINGS
Not really, Sir. We've --

ADMIRAL HEALY
Well, get it made.
(stands)
I want this incident closed, and I want it closed fast. I don't want anything that's happened to get outside of this office. We all know what some members of Congress and the newspapers could make out of this. Aside from the embarrassment caused to the Navy, I don't want the name of one of the finest men in our country stained by one unfortunate incident. I don't want even the President of the United States to know about this. Put together some kind of a movie, Commander, that I can give to Mr. Begley and that he can show to the President, who will then write Admiral Jessup a polite note, and this whole unhappy matter will be closed.
(puts on his hat, strides to the door)
I want to be kept informed on Admiral Jessup's condition every hour, Harry.

SPAULDING
Yes, Sir.

ADMIRAL HEALY (exiting, followed by the other Admirals)
A hell of a day for this to happen.

Cummings and Spaulding salute the departing Admirals crisply. The Admirals return the salutes laconically and exit out through Spaulding's outer office and into the hallway

SPAULDING (as he crosses into his own office)
What's so crazy about a Tomb for the Unknown Sailor? Frankly, I think there's something splendid in the idea.

CLOSEUP of Cummings, pensive. 72 CONT'D (4)

CUMMINGS
Yeah, it has a kind of a ring to it, doesn't it?

INT. CUMMINGS' OFFICE - NAVY BUILDING 73

FULL SHOT ACROSS Madison and Ellender as Cummings enters. Madison and Ellender rise from their seats.

ELLENDER
How's the old man, Bus?

Cummings nods but says nothing. Rapt in thought, he moves slowly around to sit behind his desk. At last, he looks up at Madison.

CUMMINGS
You know, Charlie, the President has expressed an interest in Admiral Jessup's movie.

MADISON
Naturally.

CUMMINGS
The Navy has committed itself to this movie, and it'll be pretty embarrassing if it isn't made. So, Charlie —
(he stands, regards Madison earnestly)
— we're going to make that movie.

MADISON
That's very spunky of you, Bus.

Cummings comes around his desk, beams at Madison, pokes him a comradely poke on the shoulder.

CUMMINGS (the old Navy grit)
You and I are going to get on that 2100 flight to Portland this evening, Charlie, and we're going to make that movie. I'm going in this with you, buddy. I'm going to cut orders for the both of us right now.

Madison exchanges a look with Ellender but says nothing.

CUMMINGS (poking Madison another comradely poke on the shoulder)
Damn it, Charlie, this is exciting!

73 CONT'D (2)

MADISON
Will you quit giving me those comradely pokes?

CUMMINGS
This is it, kid! This is the big show, and we're going to be in there for the first shot!

MADISON (regards Cummings warily)
Just how did you and I suddenly become the Charge of the Light Brigade, Bus?

CUMMINGS
Well --
(moves to the window, stares out, seeing a vision)
-- there's a lot more to this movie than we knew about. The Admiral had a much larger vision in mind. Apparently, the Admiral's idea is to build a Tomb for the Unknown Sailor, and to put the first dead man on Omaha Beach into it.

The idea is almost too much for Cummings. His eyes blink with tears, and his spectacles cloud with moisture. Madison and Ellender, on the other hand, find this new thought a little too much to take in one gulp. Madison looks blankly at Cummings, then turns and moves slowly to a chair where he sits, frowning in thought.

MADISON
A tomb for the what, Bus?

ELLENDER
Yeah, that's new for me too, Bus.

Cummings turns stiffly on the other two.

CUMMINGS
All right, sailors, that'll be all.

He yanks open a drawer, pulls out a stencil sheet, angrily rolls it into his typewriter, types away.

73 CONT'
(3)

CUMMINGS
The Navy wants this movie made, so it's going to be made. So you just get back to the hotel, Charlie, and pack your gear because you and I are going to be on that 2100 flight to Portland. That's an order, Commander!

MADISON
A tomb for the Unknown Sailor! Holy Cow!

ELLENDER
All right, fellows, cool it off.

Cummings pauses in his typing to regard Madison.

CUMMINGS
Charlie, you and I have had it too easy. I think we've forgotten we're officers in the United States Navy, and it s not up to us to approve of our orders, even if those orders mean risking our lives.
(rips the stencil from the typewriter)
Those are your orders, Charlie. You'll have a mimeographed copy in half an hour.

MADISON
I'll risk my life for my country, Bus. But this movie's just an unnecessary piece of Naval public relations, and I won't risk my life for that.

CUMMINGS (quietly)
You have your orders, Charlie.

MADISON (just as quietly)
Well, I'm not going to do it.

CUMMINGS
You'll be on that 2100 flight with me, or I'll put you on charges.

MADISON
Then you just put me on charges, Bus.

73 CONT (4)

The phone RINGS. Cummings picks it up.

CUMMINGS (on phone)
This is Admiral Jessup's office...
We'll come directly, sir.
(hangs up, stands)
They want us at the hotel.

He puts on his hat and strides out into the hallway, carrying the stencil with him.

ACROSS Madison and Ellender, still seated, through the open doorway to Cummings in the hallway.

CUMMINGS (calling off)
Sailor! Take this down to mimeograph!

He exits the frame.

ELLENDER (standing, reaching for his hat)
He's in one of his Annapolis moods, so, for heaven's sakes, Charlie, hold your temper.

MADISON (stands, mutters)
Tomb of the Unknown Sailor. Holy Cow!
(shouts to Cummings in the hall)
I'm not going to do it, Bus!

INT. MADISON'S ROOM - WESTCHESTER HOTEL 74-75

CLOSEUP of Madison, hissing in a violent whisper.

MADISON
I'm not going to do it, Bus!

WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing Madison bent over to Cummings who is perched on the window sill, staring out over Park Lane, his face frozen in fury. Ellender is slouched in the soft chair, nursing a Scotch. The scene is played in whispers so as not to be overheard, but this does not diminish the intensity of the moment.

MADISON
Bus, I'm in love. I'm in love like I never thought possible. Life is especially dear to me right now, and I'm not going to leave mine on some beach in France just to satisfy your grotesque sense of service loyalty.

(continued)

74-75
CONT'D
(2)

MADISON (continued)
(he storms away, then storms back to Cummings, hisses)
You don't really think I'm going to sit two years in the brig for this! I can't believe you're serious, Bus. If it's the Navy's public image that concerns you, just think what this will look like in the newspapers. The first dead man on Omaha Beach. The Tomb of the Unknown Sailor. What a hurricane Drew Pearson could make out of that! You must remember that small off-shore squall he kicked up over the time General Patton slapped that soldier.

Cummings, turns slowly from looking out the window and stares at Madison, at first shocked and then in utter contempt.

CUMMINGS (stands)
You're despicable, Madison.

MADISON (throws up his hands)
This is insane! How did we ever get into this?
(turns back to Cummings)
Now, Bus --

He is interrupted by a ringing slap across the face administered to him by Cummings who is now standing trembling with emotion.

CUMMINGS (his voice quivering)
You aren't fit to wear the insignia of a Naval Officer.

He reaches out and rips one of Madison's shoulder epaulettes from its mooring. Madison stares at him dumbfounded, then at Ellender.

MADISON
Well, that was pretty baroque, wouldn't you say, Marv?

CUMMINGS
Madison, you're a coward and a scoundrel. If you want to make anything of that, I'll be in my room.

He turns and strides to the door with as much dignity as he can manage, considering he gets his sleeve caught on a crate and he stumbles over a low carton on his way out.

MADISON (calling after him)
I'll send my second with a choice of weapons.

Cummings exits, slamming the door. Madison sits wearily on the bed. He is actually quite hurt by Cummings' outburst.

MADISON (after a moment)
Well, Marv, it's your turn. Are you going to break my saber over your knee and snip off my buttons?

ELLENDER
You're not going to expose anything to Drew Pearson, and you know it, Charlie. You're much too fond of the Admiral, and you're much too decent to expose that old man to public ridicule.

Madison stares unhappily down at the floor.

ELLENDER
You'll have to find a better angle out of this than that.

MADISON
I'm supposed to be on a plane to Portland at nine o'clock this evening. Bus and I are supposed to report to the Port Commander at Portland at eleven o'clock tonight. That's not much time to think up angles.

ELLENDER
You'll think of something.

The door to the living room opens, and a NAVY DOCTOR stands in the doorway.

THE DOCTOR
The Admiral would like to see you, Commander.

MADISON (stands)
Is he all right?

DOCTOR
He's fine.

Madison follows the Doctor into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE

as the Doctor and Madison cross to the Admiral's room.

INT. THE ADMIRAL'S ROOM

77

ACROSS Madison, pausing in the doorway, to the Admiral sitting on a chair in his nightshirt. In the dmily-lit curtained room, the Admiral seems suddenly a fragile old man with watery old eyes.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
(smiles weakly)
It seems I cracked up, Charlie.

REVERSE ANGLE to Madison.

MADISON
That's the price a sane man pays in this world, Sir.

He moves around behind the Admiral.

TWO SHOT looking up at the Admiral with Madison behind him massaging the old man's neck and shoulders.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
They say a few days in the hospital. I don't mind really except I'll have to miss the big show. Admiral Kirk asked me to observe from his flagship.

MADISON
Yes, I know, Sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
It's tonight, you know. The balloon goes up tonight. I expect you've heard that by now.

MADISON
Well, we all knew it was imminent, Sir, but we didn't know it was tonight.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
The first boats push off at 2130 hours.

Madison is about to shift his hands to the other shoulder when he suddenly frowns.

CU of Madison, his face screwed up in thought.

MADISON
The first boats push off at 2130 hours, Sir?

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Well, the Irish-based transports will start earlier, of course.

TWO SHOT of Madison and the Admiral, favoring Madison. 77

MADISON
I've never licked military time, Sir. 2139 hours -- that's half-past nine in the evening, right?

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Right.

Madison begins massaging the Admiral again, his mind clicking away. After a moment, a slow smile settles on his face.

MADISON
Now, that's what I call an angle.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Did you say something, Charlie?

MADISON
No, Sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Watch yourself, Charlie. You'll be cracking up yourself soon.

Madison nods, continues massaging.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE ADMIRAL'S SUITE 78

As Madison comes cheerfully out of his own room. He is wearing his raincoat and is carrying a small overnight bag. He goes merrily down the hallway three doors to Commander Cummings' room. Here he pauses, erases the well-fed cat's grin and replaces it with an earnest expression of humility. Then, without knocking, he opens the door to Cummings' room and strides in.

INT. CUMMINGS' ROOM 79

As Madison enters. The room is fairly dark, the curtains having been drawn. Two bodies leap from the bed. Needless to say, they are Commander Cummings and still another of his naked NAMELESS BROADS. Cummings is in his shirt-tails.

CUMMINGS
Close the door!

He strides to the door, his shirt-tails flapping and slams the door shut. 79 CONT'D (2)

CUMMINGS
And don't turn on the lights! And what do you want?

Across Cummings to Madison. Madison looks down at the floor, scuffs his feet.

MADISON
Bus, I — I don't know how to say this, but —
(looks up slowly)
— I'd like another chance. I'd like to apologize for my contemptible behavior before, and — well, I've packed my gear, and — well, we've got a job to do, and I'm ready to do it.

ACROSS Madison and Cummings, with the Nameless Broad in b.g. She is sitting casually on the bed, legs crossed and studying her fingernails.

CUMMINGS (with a proud smile)
Underneath it all, you're a pretty gutsy guy, Charlie, aren't you?

MADISON
I don't know what came over me before. I showed the white feather, I suppose.

CUMMINGS (gripping Madison's shoulders)
Forget about it, Charlie.

NAMELESS BROAD NO.4
(lighting a cigarette)
Could you ring up for some food, love? I haven't had my lunch yet.

The two men don't hear her. They are swept up in an emotion greater than that which exists between a man and a woman - the comradeship of brave men.

MADISON
I know we don't have much time, Bus, but could I have leave to say goodbye to my girl?

79 CONT'D (3)

CUMMINGS
Oh, for Pete's sake, Charlie, of course. You're making a big dramatic deal out of this. You have a tendency to be over-sincere, Charlie.

MADISON
Yes, I guess I do.

CUMMINGS
You've got seven hours yet. Take Emily to lunch and pick me up around eight. I'll have her assigned to drive us to the airport. Would you like that?

MADISON (simply)
Thanks, Bus.

CUMMINGS
All right, man. Don't be so dramatic about it. What is it, raining?

MADISON
Just started.

Now, it is Madison's turn to poke Cummings a comradely poke in the shoulder, after which he slips out into the hallway.

EXT. LONDON COUNTRYSIDE - RAINY NIGHT 80

LONG SHOT of a Navy Chevrolet bucketing along through the sloshing rain of a June night

EXT. GATES AT HENDON AIRPORT - RAINY NIGHT 81

FULL SHOT of the car pulling up to the MP post at the gates of the airport. Cummings shows the beslickered MP his credentials through the rear window of the car. The gates open, and the car drives into the airport.

EXT. HENDON AIRPORT - A LANDING STRIP - RAINY NIGHT 82

ACROSS a waiting DC-4 f.g., standing on the strip in the rain, as the Navy Chevrolet pulls up in b.g.

82 CONT'D (2)

ACROSS Emily in the driver's seat to Cummings getting out of car.

CUMMINGS
You still have a couple of minutes to say goodbye, Charlie.

MADISON
Thanks, Bus.

CUMMINGS exits the frame. Madison slithers across the seat and gets out of the car.

ACROSS Madison getting out the door to Emily, who suddenly turns in her seat to Madison.

EMILY
(cries out)
Charlie!

MADISON
(pulling his overnight bag out of the car)
What?

Emily opens her door.

ACROSS Madison standing outside the car as Emily flings herself into his arms.

TIGHT TWO SHOT of lovers embracing in the rain.

EMILY
Write to me, Charlie.

MADISON
What do you mean, write to you? With any luck I'll be back in London for lunch tomorrow.

He looks across to the DC-4 where Cummings is standing in the open door of the plane, watching the lovers' farewell.

MADISON
Honey, let me make it clear again. I couldn't make this invasion if I wanted to. The demolition engineers will have shipped out a good two hours before Bus and I even report in. The Port Commander is going to look at us as if we were nuts. I'll see you tomorrow.

Emily is for some reason put out.

82
CONT
(3)

EMILY
It's like you were taking an overnight business trip.

MADISON
Well, that's what it amounts to. If I can't book a flight, I'll catch an afternoon train.

EMILY
It's a hell of a D-Day, that's all I can say. To be honest, Charlie, there's something very unpleasant about this little deceit you're pulling on the Navy. You've been cackling away all afternoon, as if the Invasion, in which the fate of nations and the lives of millions of men are at stake, was nothing more to you than a private joke. I keep thinking of all those men trooping onto all those ships tonight, wondering if they'll end up bodies on a beach.

Madison, who had taken a step to the plane, now takes a step back.

MADISON
I'm not cackling because there are going to be bodies on a beach tomorrow. I'm cackling because I'm not going to be one of them.

EMILY
And you've been pulling poor Bus Cummings' leg all the way out here in the car. The poor fellow really thinks he's going off on a gallant mission, and you led him on, and I think cruelly.

MADISON
I didn't lead him on. I just didn't stop him.

EMILY
You could have told him before there wasn't a chance of getting there in time.

MADISON
If I told him before, he'd have arranged an earlier flight, and, if I tell him now, he'll never forgive me for not having told him before. Honey, we're both getting drenched.

He strides off, gets halfway to the plane when she calls him again.

EMILY
Charlie!

He turns, patiently annoyed, shuffles back again, wiping the rain from his face.

EMILY
I've decided not to marry you.

MADISON (sighs)
I figured this was coming. We'll talk about it when I get back.

EMILY
I don't want to see you when you get back. I don't want to see you again. I don't know if I can get over you as it is.

MADISON
Look, Emily, I'm not going to be brushed off in a driving drizzle and with my plane about to take off.

EMILY
Oh, for pity's sake, Charlie, must we have the tears and recriminations? We both know it's finished. Let's break it off now, in one snap, before we say things we'll regret.

MADISON
No, say them. There should be something we regret.

EMILY
Very well! I despise cowardice. I detest selfish people, and I loathe ruthlessness. Since you are cowardly, selfish and ruthless, I can't help but despise, detest and loathe you. That's not the way a woman should feel about the man she's going to marry.

MADISON
Don't be facile, Emily.

82
CONT'D
(5)

EMILY
What's so facile about it? I've been up all bloody night, staring at your bloody marriage applications. Well, I've signed them. They're in my purse. I was going to give them to you this afternoon when you came prancing in with this very funny joke you're playing on Bus and the Navy and your country and the whole bloody world. Well, I suppose I'm an incorrigible romantic, but I feel the joke's on me too, because I believe in honor and service and courage, in fair play and cricket, in the thin red line, and all those crochets of the British character which have civilized half the world.

MADISON
You British plundered half the world for your own profit. Let's not pass it off as the Age of Enlightenment.

EMILY
Yes! That's the American way of looking at it, isn't it?

MADISON
Emily, let's not get into one of these "the trouble with you Yank" things. It's got nothing to do with it.

EMILY
It's got everything to do with it! I'm British, and you're a blackguard, and I don't want to see your bloody face again!

She flounces into the car behind the wheel and slams the door shut. Madison stands dripping in the rain, regarding her.

MADISON
General Kitchener aside, Emily, all that's going on here is a woman trying to shake off her lover. If you don't love me, just say so.

Emily bursts into tears, hiding her face in her hands.

82
CONT'D
(6)

MADISON
Nobody gets moral unless they're trying to get something or get out of something. You're trying to get out of marrying me. If you don't love me, say so.
(he waits; she turns away)
Otherwise, I figure you're just frightened.

EMILY (wheeling on him)
Frightened of what.

MADISON
Frightened of getting married.

EMILY
Don't be an ass.

MADISON
The weekend passion is over, and now it's down to signing applications, babies, setting up house. You have to commit yourself to life now, Emily, with its disease and desolation and its startling satisfactions. I don't want to know what's good or bad or true. I let God worry about truth. I just want to know the elementary fact of things. Life isn't good or bad or true; it's merely factual; it's sensual; it's alive. And my idea of sensual, living facts is you, a home, a country, a world, a universe in that order. I want to know what I am, not what I should be. Well, the fact is I'm a coward; I never met anyone who wasn't.

EMILY
I'm not.

MADISON
You're the most terrified woman I've ever met. You're even scared to get married.

EMILY
I've already been married.

82
CONT'D
(7)

MADISON
Sure, you married him three days before he went to Africa. Thank God, he didn't come back. You're forever falling for men on their last nights of furlough. That's about the limit of your commitments, one night, three days, a month. You prefer lovers to husbands, hotels to homes. You'd rather grieve than live.

EMILY
You're not only cowardly, selfish and ruthless; you're remarkably cruel as well.

MADISON
Come off it, Emily. The only immoral thing you've got against me is I'm alive.

Emily opens the car door of the car, steps up to Madison, and regards him with actual hatred.

EMILY
I'm going to slap your damn face, Charlie.

MADISON
Go ahead. I won't hit you back. I'm a coward.

She slaps his face smartly.

MADISON
On the other hand, I'm selfish and I don't give up what's mine. You're mine, Emily, and I'm not going to let you go.

She slaps him a second time.

TIGHT TWO SHOT across Emily to Madison, rubbing his sore cheek, his face streaked with rain.

MADISON
Emily, all you have to say is: "I don't love you."

ACROSS Madison to Emily, her face streaked with tears.

EMILY
I don't love you, Charlie,

LONG SHOT ACROSS the two lovers to the open doorway of the waiting DC-4 as Cummings looms into view. He has to smile at the sight of the two lovers in the rain.

REVERSE LONG SHOT ACROSS Cummings in the plane to the two lovers. By George, it does look like farewell on Waterloo Bridge from here. 82 CONT'D (8)

CUMMINGS
Hey!

TIGHT SHOT across Emily to Madison

MADISON
Well, you're a good woman. You've done the morally right thing. God save us all from people who do the morally right thing. It's always the rest of us who get broken in half. You're a bitch.

He turns and strides off, fumbling in his pockets for something. Halfway to the plane, he turns. He seems to be chewing on something.

MADISON
I want you to know that the last time you ever saw me, I was unregenerately eating a Hershey bar.

LONG WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing Emily standing stiffly by her car, Madison striding to the airplane where Cummings and one of the crew help him clamber up into the open doorway.

EXT. PORT OF PORTLAND - THE HARBOR - RAINY NIGHT 83

WIDE ANGLE SHOT looking down on the harbor, a madhouse of activity in the dark, rainy night. Out on the water, an ominous shadowy fleet. Out of the dark, wet, shouting b.g. of men and machines, the bulky, trench-coated figure of the Port Commander, CAPTAIN ROY FRAZER, climbs up toward the CAMERA. The CAMERA PANS him as he sloshes along to a group of quonset huts.

Waiting are Lt. Commanders Cummings and Madison, an ENSIGN, a BOATSWAIN, and two SHORE PATROLMEN. They all snap to attention.

CAPTAIN FRAZER
Now, what the hell is this all about?

CUMMINGS
Sir ---

83 CONT'D (2)

CAPTAIN FRAZER
What is this, a featherheading gag, Commander? What demolition units does this refer to? The demolition units pushed off two hours ago! You featherheads in London, all you want to do is make movies. Who's running this featherheading War anyway, Ginger Rogers? The demolition units are halfway across the Channel, you featherheading imbeciles!! The invasion started an hour ago. Great Scott! Movies!
(wheels on the Ensign)
Edwards! Hide these Hollywood people somewheres where they won't get in my featherheading way.

He strides out.

CUMMINGS (calling nervously after him)
We didn't know, Sir.

THE ENSIGN
We'll have to put you up in one of the supply depots, Sir.

CUMMINGS (staring at Madison)
It's D-Day, Charlie! Tonight's D-Day, can't you get that through your head?

MADISON (simply couldn't be more disappointed)
It looks like the featherheading balloon went up without us, Ens.

THE ENSIGN (to the Boatswain)
Take these officers to one of the depots and get some cots for them.

84 OUT

EXT. SUPPLY DEPOT - PORTLAND - RAINY NIGHT 85

FULL SHOT of Madison standing in front of a Nissen hut, smoking a cigarette, staring out over the harbor.

HIS POV. The Harbor, now utterly empty and ghostlike, not a boat to be seen.

TIGHT SHOT of Madison, pleased as punch, turns, goes into the Nissen hut.

INT. SUPPLY DEPOT - PORTLAND 86-89

CU of Madison sleeping peacefully.

CAMERA DOLLIES BACK to show Madison sleeping on his cot. Cummings' cot is empty. A BOATSWAIN'S MATE enters and crosses to the counter. He leaves the door ajar so that some of the grey morning light diffuses into the room.

ACROSS the Boatswain's Mate at the counter to Madison, who is waking now. He gets up on one elbow, regards the Boatswain's Mate, now checking off a list.

MADISON
How's the Invasion going, Bosun?

THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE (looking up briefly)
They called it off, Sir, didn't you know?

The Boatswain's Mate goes back to his list. Madison sits up, stretches, yawns.

MADISON (agreeably)
What do you mean they called it off?

THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE
The visibility never cleared up enough for the airborne troops. The whole fleet turned around in mid-channel and came back. It looks like we're going to have to try it all over again tonight.

MADISON (rubbing his eyes)
I don't follow you, Bosun. What do you mean, we're going to have to try all over again tonight?

But the Boatswain's Mate has picked up a pile of blankets and is out the door. Madison remains sitting on the cot in his shorts, slowly adjusting to the new day. Suddenly it hits him.

MADISON (shouting after the Boatswain's Mate)
What do you mean, they called it off? What are you talking about?

He stands, aching in every bone from the uncomfortable sleep, and shuffles barefooted and in his shorts across the room to the open doorway.

TIGHT SHOT of Madison standing in the open doorway, his eyes blinking against the daylight. Then a look of utter, mute astonishment spreads over his face. 86-89 CONT' (2)

MADISON'S POV. WIDE ANGLE SHOT of the harbor, clogged with all its boats bobbing at their moorings, hundreds of men moving about on the docks, on the boats, getting in and out of trucks. A hurrying SHORE PATROLMAN suddenly barges into the f.g. of the frame, turns to CAMERA, shouts:

SHORE PATROLMAN
Hey, Sailor, get your pants on!

The Shore Patrolman hurries on.

CU of Madison, stupefied by this incredible, nightmarish turns of events.

CUMMINGS' VOICE (o.s.)
Hey, Charlie!

ACROSS Madison in the doorway to Cummings, fully dressed and groomed and carrying an Eyemo camera, comes hurrying up the rise in ground from the docks.

CUMMINGS
Well, I've dug up one camera, anyway, Charlie.

He comes up to the doorway, where Madison is still staring out, trying to gather his wits.

CUMMINGS
Let me in, Charlie.

REVERSE ANGLE looking into the supply depot as Madison, still not believing his eyes, steps back to let Cummings hurry into the supply room.

MADISON
What happened?

ACROSS Cummings as he puts the camera on the counter to Madison standing at the doorway, scowling in confusion.

CUMMINGS
What do you mean?

86-89 CONT'D (3)

MADISON (erupting)
What do you think I mean? I mean are you trying to tell me five thousand boats filled with one million men, tanks, trucks, airplanes, bombers, the whole incredible schmear just turned around in the middle of the ocean and came back?!

CUMMINGS (looking up)
The moon didn't come out.

He steps into the doorway, looks up to the sky, cries out the anguished cry of a man who has lost his god.

MADISON
What do You mean, the moon didn't come out?! How could You do this to me?!

In b.g., a jeep drives by. An MP, riding in it shouts:

MP IN JEEP
Hey, Mac, get some clothes on!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - ALLIED HDQTRS. - SOUTHWICK 90

HIGH WIDE ANGLE SHOT of the huge, jammed Operations Center at Southwick. One entire wall is covered by a gigantic chart of the English Channel. Two WRENS, working from a traveling stepladder, move colored markers over the face of the chart. Clustered in groups of two and three, staff officers from the various Allied services, whisper, murmur, study the huge wall map. Over this, the following legend appears:

June 5, 1944

EXT. PORTLAND - HARBOR - AFTERNOON 91

QUICK RE-ESTABLISHING SHOT. It is drizzling now, but the SHOUTING, intense ACTIVITY continues. Two bedraggled SAILORS in their slickers, a man in his late 40's and a kid of 19, both fairly crocked, slosh unsteadily along to a group of Nissen huts near the docks. They peer at the lettering on the door of the first hut and then lurch on to the next hut.

INT. SQUADROOM - 6TH ENGINEER UNIT - PORTLAND 92

TIGHT SHOT of Madison sitting glumly at the Officer of the Day's desk. He is also pretty crocked. On the desk, there is a fifth of Scotch from which he now takes a swallow. Also on the desk is the Eyemo camera. Madison is fully dressed.

ACROSS Madison to the door of the Dayroom as the two Sailors unsteadily enter.

THE OLD SAILOR
(mutters)
Commander Madison?

MADISON (takes another belt at the bottle)
Yeah.

THE OLD SAILOR
We were told to report to you.

Madison regards the two other drunks blearily.

MADISON
What for?

THE OLD SAILOR
I don't know. A Lieutenant Commander Cummings comes in the galley, he says: "Anybody here know anything about cameras?" I said: "I do a little home movies." So he says: "Report to Commander Madison in the squadroom of the 6th Naval Engineers."

THE YOUNG SAILOR
Yeah.

MADISON
Yeah, what?

THE YOUNG SAILOR
Yeah, that's what happened to me.

92 CONT'D (2)

Madison slugs away at the bottle.

THE OLD SAILOR
What's this all about, Commander?

MADISON
If I told you, you'd belt me in the mouth. Maybe, you men better have a shot of this.

THE OLD SAILOR
Sure.

The two Sailors unbutton their slickers, shamble over to the desk, pull up chairs and join Madison.

GROUP SHOT of Madison and the two Sailors. For a moment, nothing is said. The bottle is passed from one to the other, and each takes a swig.

THE OLD SAILOR
(studying the nearly empty bottle)
We're running a little low here.

Madison silently produces another bottle from behind his desk, uncorks it with enormous concentration.

MADISON (opening the bottle)
Well, this is the deal, men. At 1700 we get ferried out to an LST to join the 6th Naval Engineers who are already on board. At 2000, we push off. At 0500 tomorrow morning, we go into an LCVP with the Engineers. We'll be about three thousand yards from Omaha Beach. We move up to about a thousand yards, the Engineers get out of the boat and into the water and start clearing the mines and barricades. We get into the water with them.

THE OLD SAILOR
What for?

92
CONT'I
(3)

MADISON
We're going to shoot movies. We're going to shoot movies of the Engineers clearing the mine-fields and blowing up the barricades all the way to the beach. Mostly, we want to shoot movies of Engineers getting killed, especially the first body that washes up on Omaha Beach. That's the deal, men. Now, what do you think of that, mates?

ANOTHER ANGLE of the three men, FAVORING the Old Sailor, who has been listening to all this without expression. Now, he reaches for the bottle and takes another belt. Madison takes another belt.

THE OLD SAILOR
Commander, you're out of your ever-loving mind.

MADISON
You can say that again.

The Young Sailor suddenly stands.

THE YOUNG SAILOR
Well, men, I'm cutting out.

He sits down again.

THE OLD SAILOR (picking up the camera)
What's this?

MADISON
That's the camera.

THE OLD SAILOR
How do you work it?

MADISON
How do I know?

THE OLD SAILOR (opening the camera)
That's a pretty intricate camera, I got a little old eight millimeter Bell and Howell home. I never saw a camera like this before.

MADISON (suddenly standing)
Well, that's what they gave me.

He weaves aimlessly around the room, not quite sure why he stood up in the first place.

92
CONT'I
(4)

THE YOUNG SAILOR (not even bothering to stand)
Well, men, I'm cutting out.

ACROSS the Old Sailor, scowling at the open camera in his hand and the Young Sailor now belting away at the second bottle to Madison weaving around the room.

THE OLD SAILOR
I'll tell you one thing. You got to put film in this camera.

Madison pauses in his weaving to study the Old Sailor blurrily.

MADISON
Are you sure of that, Sailor?

THE OLD SAILOR
Well, for the love of Mike, I mean, what's the matter with you. You have to have film if you're going to shoot a movie. I know that much.

MADISON
No, we're going to shoot this movie without film. This movie, Sailor, can't be made, has no reason for being made, and none of us knows how to make a movie anyway; so there's no sense using film.

THE OLD SAILOR
That makes sense.

He takes another swig.

THE YOUNG SAILOR
(sliding slowly down from his chair onto the floor)
I'm cutting out of here.

Madison looks down at the boy on the floor: then decides to sit on the floor himself.

92
CONT'D
(5)

THE OLD SAILOR (lurching to Madison)
Commander, that kid on the floor there and me have been loaded for two days. We started off with three bottles of vanilla extract. Then, we got in with some submarine guys, and we finished a Number Ten Can full of torpedo alcohol. Well, you have to be pretty stoned after that.

MADISON
I would think so.

THE OLD SAILOR (sits)
But we ain't that stoned, Commander. I mean, we ain't that stoned that we're going to shoot movies of dead bodies washing up on a beach.

ACROSS Madison and the Old Sailor to the door of the hut.

MADISON
Then, what do you say we don't make this movie?

THE OLD SAILOR
I say swell.

The door to the squadroom opens, and Cummings comes staggering in under a load of supplies and equipment. He is completely armed and outfitted for the invasion, dressed now in fleece-lined pants, wool shirt, windbreaking jacket and helmet. He also wears a sleeveless canvas jacket which supports a ten-pound camera battery on his back. He has a Rolleiflex and a Leica camera dangling from around his neck.

CUMMINGS
All right! Up and at them!

He stares at the Young Sailor on the floor, at Madison and the Old Sailor sitting soddenly against the wall, the bottles on the desk.

CUMMINGS
You're crocked! You're all crocked!

He dumps the load of things he is carrying onto the desk and begins yanking the Young Sailor up off the floor.

CUMMINGS
Get up! -- Madison! Get that man on his feet!
(he manages to get the boy sitting on the chair)
Now, listen to me, you sots!

ACROSS Cummings to Madison and the Old Sailor slowly getting to their feet. Cummings throws a windbreaker at each of them. 92 CONT'D (6)

CUMMINGS
Get into these! Get into them fast, or, so help me God, I'll have the three of you shot! Now, how am I going to get you drunks on board that LST?

EXT. LST - PORTLAND HARBOR - AFTERNOON - RAIN 93-96

LONG WIDE ANGLE SHOT along the side of the LST, showing Madison being hoisted up into the LST by way of pulley and tackle being tugged through a davit. The gunwale of the LST is lined with soldiers and sailors all watching the event with considerable interest and much advice. ("Watch your head, Commander!" -- "Watch his head, you jerk!" -- "Do you get flight pay for that, Commander?" -- "Is this trip necessary?", etc.)

The long-boat, from which he is being hoisted, circles and backs alongside. The LST rolls and washes in the waves.

FULL SHOT of Madison as he is pulled to the top of the gunwale and is helped over onto the lower deck by infantrymen and sailors. In B.G., we see the LST is a two-deck vessel with its Commander, a LIEUTENANT J.G., watching from the bridge. It has four tanks on it and two "ducks" or swimming trucks; also, some ninety men -- (a sixteen man demolition unit and an infantry platoon, all of whom have been stuck on board this heaving vessel for two and a half days and are pretty damn seasick). Madison looks pretty green-eyed himself.

EXT. ABOARD THE LST - THE HARBOR - PORTLAND - AFTERNOON 97

FULL SHOT showing a wobbly Madison being helped along the lower deck which is jammed with soldiers and sailors, sprawled, sitting, standing. In the f.g. of the frame are the Old Sailor and the Young Sailor who have apparently already been derricked aboard and are sitting slumped against the gunwale amid a pack of similarly seasick and miserable infantryman. Madison sinks slowly to the deck, leaning back against somebody's field pack.

FIRST INFANTRYMAN (whose foot he sits on)

97 CONT'D (2)

GROUP SHOT with Madison, the Old Sailor, the Young Sailor and several Infantrymen in f.g. but showing the rest of the lower deck, crammed with soldiers and machines. A whip of spray splashes over the gunwale, wetting everyone in the shot, but everybody is too wretched to care.

LIEUTENANT J.G. (on bridge, shouting)
All right! Now, hear this! Now hear this!

THE YOUNG SAILOR
I'm sick, man.

SECOND INFANTRYMAN
How many days we been stuck in this bathtub?

THIRD INFANTRYMAN
Three days.

LIEUTENANT J.G.
I am going to read you a message from your Supreme Commander!

A VOICE FROM THE LOWER DECK
We already heard it!

Cummings squats down into frame, beside Madison.

CUMMINGS
Here's your camera, Charlie.

He sticks an Eyemo camera on Madison's lap. Madison doesn't bother to acknowledge receipt. His head is back against the field pack, and his eyes are closed.

LIEUTENANT J.G. (reading from a piece of paper)
"You are about to embark on a Great Crusade toward which we have striven these many months!"

CUMMINGS
I'll bring your camera batteries in a minute.

He stands, moves out of frame.

LIEUTENANT J.G. (reading at top of his lungs)
"The hopes and prayers of liberty - loving people everywhere go with you!"

97
CONT'D
(3)

A VOICE
Ah, can it!

LIEUTENANT J.G. (shouting down to the lower deck)
Lieutenant, can't you keep your men quiet?

AN ARMY LIEUTENANT (standing up from the crowded deck)
All right, you men, shut up!

A VOICE
You already read us about the great crusade, Lieutenant!

AN ARMY LIEUTENANT
I know! Now, he's reading it! So shut up!

THE YOUNG SAILOR
I'm sick.

An Infantryman leans across the frame, offering a helmet to the Young Sailor.

LIEUTENANT J.G.
"The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere go with you!"

TIGHT SHOT ACROSS the back of the Young Sailor, who is now retching piteously into the Infantryman's helmet, and showing Madison, his head now lolling on his chest, fast asleep. Lieutenant J G.'s voice continues o.s.

LIEUTENANT J.G. (o.s.)
"In company with our brave allies and brothers in arms on other fronts, you are bringing about the destruction of the German war machine, the elimination of Nazi tyranny over the oppressed peoples of Europe --"

CAMERA NOW SLOWLY PULLS BACK AND UP to reveal the whole endless fleet of vessels, bobbing, pitching, tossing on the choppy waters.

LIEUTENANT J.G (voice over)
" -- and security for ourselves in a free world.

EXT. ABOARD LST - MID-CHANNEL - NIGHT - 0200 JUNE 6, 1944 98

CU of Madison asleep. Black night. The SWISH of water -- an overhead DRONE -- a sudden abrupt LAUGH off -- a SHOUT: ("All right, keep it down!")

TIGHT SHOT ACROSS Madison to the Old Sailor squatting beside him.

THE OLD SAILOR (sober now)
Commander Cummings wants us on the bridge, sir.

Madison sits up slowly. In b.g., many of the men are standing, peering over the gunwales. They MURMUR, an occasional LAUGH, a SHOUT. Voices raised: -- "Hey, Lester!" -- "I'm over here, you jerk!" -- "Who took my canteen?" -- etc.

MADISON
Where the hell are we, Sailor?

THE OLD SAILOR
About five miles off the coast of France. We better get up to the bridge, Commander.

Madison slowly, stiffly stands, looks out over the gunwale. Raised voices in b.g.: -- "Does anybody know what we're supposed to do now?" -- "Hey, Corporal!" -- "All right, shut up over there!" -- etc. Suddenly, in the far distance, the MUFFLED SOUND of many bombs. Madison and the Old Sailor pause to look off.

THE OLD SAILOR
That's the aerial barrage. Two o'clock right on the nose. They're going through with the invasion this time.

Madison and the Old Sailor in b.g. resume their way to the stairs.

INT. CABIN ON LST - MID-CHANNEL 99

FULL SHOT of Cummings in his long-john undershirt, just finished with shaving himself. There is a Photographer's Mate standing by the wall of the tiny cabin, wearing field jacket, canvas battery vest, helmet, and with his pockets bulging with film-packs. There is a KNOCK on the door.

CUMMINGS
Come in.

99 CONT'D (2)

In the mirror, we see the door open, and Madison and the Old Sailor enter.

CUMMINGS
Close the door, Charlie.

WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing Madison closing the door, the Old Sailor by one wall, the Photographer's Mate by the other, and Cummings turning from the mirror.

CUMMINGS (putting his razor back in its container)
Charlie, we got a real break. There's a Navy camera unit assigned to this ship. This is Photographer's Mate Enright who's offered to show us how these cameras work.

MADISON
Swell.

CUMMINGS (putting the razor case into his toilet article kit)
Go ahead, Sailor.

Photographer's Mate Enright scowls. Madison sits bleakly on the bunk.

ENRIGHT
Well, I'm a little confused about your assignment, sir. Let's see if I have this straight. You men are actually going to get into the water with the Engineers, because, as I understand it, sir, you'll be in about four foot of water, and that's a rough sea, sir, and you'll be lucky to keep your feet.
(takes Madison's camera)
You better let me put some gelatin on this. Well, look, I'll wire it up for you.
(he plugs in the camera wire to one of the batteries on the cabin floor, runs the motor)
You see how it's done, sir, very simple.

He now hoists the ten pound battery from the floor and sticks it into the canvas jacket on Madison's back. Madison almost sags to the floor. 99 CONT'D (3)

ENRIGHT
They're pretty heavy, sir.
(to Cummings, now tying his tie before the mirror)
If I may suggest, sir, I think you and your crew should stay in the LCVP with my crew. It's going to be bouncy enough there, but, at least, you'll be able to hold your cameras reasonably steady.

CUMMINGS (tying his tie)
We want to be on that beach with the very first men, Sailor.

ENRIGHT
Well, my helmet goes off to you gentlemen. I'll go down and get some gelatin for your cameras.

CUMMINGS (slipping into his windbreaker)
We'll be in the wardroom, getting a bite to eat, Enright.

ENRIGHT (at the cabin door)
Yes, sir.

He exits. Cummings leans across Madison to fetch a revolver belt and holster from the bunk. He takes out the .45, checks its movement, puts it back in the holster, buckles the belt around his waist.

CUMMINGS
Men, before we go down to eat, I want to read you a message from our Supreme Commander.

He takes a piece of paper out of his pocket. Madison stretches out on the bunk with a bad sigh. The Old Sailor stands, staring bleakly down at his feet.

CUMMINGS (reading)
"You are about to embark on a Great Crusade toward which we have striven these many months --"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LST - MID-CHANNEL - DAWN - RAIN 100

HIGH WIDE-ANGLE SHOT looking down on the deck of the LST, now the scene of considerable excitement and activity. The men are all on their feet checking their equipment. Officers and non-coms move around the deck, shouting: "Sergeant, line those men up!" -- "All right, get in those trucks!" -- "Navy Engineers to the bow!" -- "Get over there!" -- A high Tennessee twang rises above the other voices: "Now, I want all you men to check your godden equipment one more time!" The very first grey streaks of dawn lighten the sky, and the rain pours down in sheets of heavy drizzle.

CU of Petty Officer, shouting:

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER
Lower that boat, damn it!

ANGLE SHOT looking up from the water to the LST as an LCVP is being lowered over the side. An LCVP is already in the water alongside, bucking and tossing. All around, other LCVP's are being lowered, and men are climbing down the nets on other LST's. The air is filled with shouts and curses. It is still quite dark out, and the scene is grotesque. A scream rips out of the night, and then a shout: "He fell! He fell!" A patrol boat streaks through the melange of assault boats. A loudhailer suddenly bursts out in the night air: "Keep in line! Keep in line!"

WIDE ANGLE SHOT on lower deck of the LST with Cummings, Madison and the Old Sailor in foreground, surrounded by demolition engineers. Cummings is checking everyone's equipment.

CUMMINGS (to Madison)
All you have to do is pull this trigger, and that starts the camera.

MADISON (too miserable to do anything but complain)
Miserable rain.

In b.g., the infantrymen are loading into the ducks. A public-address system suddenly blares out:

PA SYSTEM
Now hear this! Okay, First Division! Get in there, and give 'em hell!

CUMMINGS (looking wildly about)
Where's the kid?

100 CONT'D (2)

THE OLD SAILOR
He's too sick, sir.

LT. J.G. OF DEMOLITION UNIT
(calling to his men)
All right, boys, first demolition team over the rail and into the boats!

WIDE ANGLE SHOT shooting from the sea to the LST through the night. Two LCVP's swash and pitch alongside, sometimes smashing up against the side of the LST. The climbing nets and ladders are filled with Demolition Engineers, the bottom men, trying to time their jump into the LCVP with the rise of the boat on the waves.

FULL SHOT of Madison clambering over the rail.

Suddenly, a scream, almost in his ear. He turns, terrified.

Across Madison to the Demolition Engineers clambering down the scramble nets. An LCVP has suddenly washed high up against the LST and has crushed against one of the descending engineers. Shouts: "Move! Keep moving! Jump, you stupid nut!", etc.

SHOOTING UP from the LCVP pitching wildly alongside, as Madison, clutching his camera, jumps.

TIGHT SHOT looking down on Madison lying on the deck of the LCVP, eyes closed and clutching his camera. A wave splashes over the boat, drenching Madison. Over all this, the constant BOOMING of the Navy artillery.

EXT. 7,000 FEET FROM THE BEACHES - DAWN 101

LONG WIDE ANGLE SHOT SHOOTING out from the beaches to the Channel. Dawn is breaking slowly. The sky is still dark grey, but light. We can see more clearly now the vast conglomeration of LCVP's and other beaching craft chugging slowly in towards us across the choppy sea. Behind them, the hulking LST's and other transports, the huge rhino barges. Patrol boats scooting between the mass of slowly oncoming craft. Loud-hailers BLEATING out: "Keep in line! Keep 'em moving! Keep 'em moving!", etc. Far behind it all, we can see the flashes of the navy big guns as they continue their relentless barrage.

EXT. ABOARD THE LCVP - 5,000 FEET OUT - DAWN 102

TIGHT TWO SHOT showing Photographer's Mate Enright standing in the bow of the LCVP, his camera braced on his shoulder, shooting back to the stern of the boat, his CARRIER behind him. Dawn is breaking more quickly.

LONG SHOT from the stern of the LCVP to the bow where Enright is standing, braced against the pitch and toss of the boat, his camera pressed against his face. His Carrier, Cummings and the Ensign are also in the bow. In the f.g. of the frame are Madison, the Old Sailor and six demolition engineers, seated wet and shivering. Madison is absolutely numb with cold and wet and just plain terror.

ACROSS Cummings and the Ensign staring straight ahead to the beaches. The rain drizzles down, and nothing but white mist fills the grey sky-line. The LCVP rises and shoots forward on a sudden swell of water.

CUMMINGS (shouting)
About how far out are we?

ENSIGN (shouting back)
Maybe five, maybe six thousand feet. We should see the low-water mark any minute.

CUMMINGS (shouting to Madison)
We're about five, six thousand feet out!

A Boatswain's Mate of the Engineers stands up midships.

BOATSWAIN'S MATE (yelling to the Engineers)
All right, let's get up front.

ENSIGN (shouting)
There's the low-water barrier!

Now, in the grey-white mist, washed by waves of dark water, there can just be seen some five hundred feet ahead thick ends of iron and steel rails poking out over the sea-line.

ENSIGN (shouts)
Get ready to lower the ramp!

Engineers crowd into the frame to look over the bow.

FIRST ENGINEER
How're we going to get at the damn things?

Suddenly, a BURST of mortar and '88s' firing from ahead 102 CONT'D (2)

ENSIGN
They're shooting at us!

WIDE ANGLE SHOT of the LCVP as a German flare explodes high over them and bleaches the last remnants of night and everyone in the boat. Cummings cups his mouth and shouts something.

THE OLD SAILOR
(lurching up to the bow)
I can't hear you!

ENSIGN
Let down the ramp!

The Engineers splash out into the water which comes up to their necks. Splashing, struggling, they edge forward toward the low water barricade which now looms up in front of the LCVP. It consists of a six-foot barricade of jagged iron and steel rails, wired and mined. The Engineers shout instructions at each other: "Get on my back!" "Frank, shinny up that damn pole!" etc. In the LCVP, Cummings is pushing a numb, half-frozen Madison to the bow-ramp.

MADISON
I'm freezing!

CUMMINGS
Let's go! Let's go!

ENSIGN (shouting at the Engineers)
Blow something up! They're zeroed in on us here!

Now, nothing more can be heard although everyone is shouting. The air is one continual thrum of EXPLODING shells and Naval artillery. The sky flares with red, yellow, incandescent bursts. Engineers splash through the water. Now, a barricade is blown up. Now, rifle and machine gun FIRE adds to the ineffable din. Suddenly, the LCVP is nearly struck by an 88 shell, and the whole boat with its ramp open is swept right into the air and through the newly-breached barricade towards the beach. Madison, Cummings and the Old Sailor, who had been standing at the bow-ramp, are pitched into the air and come down swirling, gasping for breath, thrashing about on the beach side of the barricade.

TIGHT SHOT of Madison thrashing about in the water, gasping for air, still clutching his camera. He looks desperately around.

MADISON'S POV. There, not more than a thousand feet directly ahead of him stretches the naked, white, unoccupied stretch of sand called Omaha Beach. Its clean white expanse is covered with steel jackstraws, wooden stakes and long fences of tubed steel, all wired, all mined, and all obviously sinister. 102 CONT'D (3)

FULL SHOT of Madison standing knee-deep in water, staring at the beach, clutching his camera. He promptly wheels about-face and begins splashing away from the beach and back to the LCVP about five hundred feet to his seaward side.

EXT. ABOARD LCVP - 2,000 FEET OUT - DAWN 103

WIDE ANGLE SHOT looking seaward through the open ramp of the LCVP, singling out Enright, braced against the jamb of the ramp, filming furiously.

REVERSE ANGLE ACROSS Enright, and we see what he is filming. Madison is splashing his way seaward to the LCVP, and Cummings is splashing his way beachward to Madison.

FULL SHOT of Cummings splashing on and shouting:

CUMMINGS
You're going the wrong way. The beach is that way!

REVERSE SHOT ACROSS Cummings to Madison, splashing toward us and shouting:

MADISON
I know where the beach is! They're shooting at us! What's the matter with you?

WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing Cummings and Madison splashing toward each other in belt-high water. Disaster, death and the havoc of War in b.g. Cummings yanks his revolver from its holster.

CUMMINGS (shouting)
You yellow rat! Head into that beach!

MADISON
What's the matter with you?

ACROSS Madison to Cummings. They are barely ten yards apart. Cummings is pointing the revolver at Madison.

CUMMINGS (screaming)
Take pictures! Take pictures!

MADISON (screaming) 103
What? CONT'D
(2)

Cummings FIRES. The SHOT hits Madison in the thigh, spins him partly around and almost knocks him into the water.

CLOSE SHOT of Madison, flailing about in hip-deep water, staring aghast at Cummings. Then, in total terror, he wheels and starts splashing to the beach as fast as he can.

LONG SHOT ACROSS Enright taking movies of Cummings splashing after Madison, who is now splashing headlong into the shallows of Omaha Beach. Dead bodies float in the water, pitched about by the surge and swell. The air is deafened by BOMBS, MINES, MORTARS, ARTILLERY, RIFLES, MACHINE GUNS.

REVERSE LONG SHOT SHOOTING from the beach seaward. Madison comes dashing up on the beach, the first man on the long, white empty expanse of sand by some twenty yards. He is bug-eyed with terror. The CAMERA PANS him across the four hundred feet of beach as he dashes heedlessly past the steel jackstraws and wooden stakes on the beach, ripping his trousers on the barbed wire, stumbling against the steel obstacles. He vaults the four foot wall about three hundred feet up the beach like Jesse Owens, flinging his camera into the air as he does so, and sprints the last hundred feet to the steep escarpment at the end of the beach, clutching his right thigh. Just as he reaches the base of the escarpment, he apparently trips the detonator of a land mine, for there is an EXPLOSION just behind him, and he is thrown, arms outflung onto the sand.

LONG WIDE ANGLE PANORAMA SHOT showing Madison's body sprawled on the beach. For the length of this shot, Madison's body is the only body on the long white stretch of Omaha Beach.

CLOSE SHOT of Enright, hiding behind a logpile obstacle, loading his camera. He snaps his camer shut, dashes further up the beach towards the escarpment. Behind him, the beach is beginning to fill with the black forms of soldiers, tanks, trucks. The overwhelming thunder of the artillery, mortar and machine gun fire continues. A mine EXPLODES in f.g.

MED. SHOT as Enright dashes up to where Cummings is standing beside Madison, staring down at his best friend's body, numb with shock.

ENRIGHT
Well, he was the first dead man on Omaha Beach, if that means anything, Commander.

Cummings stares at Enright, then bursts into tears. 103 CONT'D (3)

CUMMINGS (sobbing)
Now, that's funny, that's funny, oh, my God, that's funny.

A mine explodes about twenty feet away showering the screen with sand. Enright and Cummings dash off along the escarpment. We hear the WHINE of ricocheting bullets as a MEDIC, identified by his red-cross armband, crawls across the frame to Madison's body.

FADE OUT

FADE IN
INT. EMILY'S HOME - HER BEDROOM 104

A camera study in grief - Emily sits woodenly in the chair by her window. She seems unaware of the sun streaming in through the white curtains, bleaching her face. She seems unaware of anything really. She is in her bedclothes and a wrapper, her face sallow and white in the sun, her lips pale, almost imperceptible, her eyes swollen and dry, long past tears. She sits numbly, her external self as dead as Charlie, content apparently with the interior world she can create for herself out of fragments of memory and supported by the rigid premise that Madison is not dead. There is a gentle knock on the door which she doesn't seem to hear. Then the door opens to admit her mother.

MRS. BARHAM
Commander Cummings has come to condole again.

Emily frowns, annoyed by the interruption of exterior life.

EMILY
I can't very well be condoled with since I'm still pretending Charlie's alive.

MRS. BARHAM
Well, just as long as you still know it's pretending. I do think, Emily, we've had enough of this sinister withdrawal of yours. It's been eight days now that you've gone off into this medieval retreat. You're doing just what I did, and you'll turn out as mad as I, and there's very little satisfaction in it.

Emily says nothing, already oblivious of her mother. Mrs. Barham scowls annoyed, backs out of the room, closes the door softly after herself.

INT. EMILY'S HOME - LANDING OUTSIDE HER BEDROOM 105

As Mrs. Barham comes out, closing the door. For a moment, in the half-darkness of the upstairs landing, Mrs. Barham allows her face to reveal her own grief and genuine concern for her daughter, but she quickly reassumes her old potty self and goes sailing down the stairs to the living room.

INT. EMILY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM 106

ACROSS Mrs. Barham entering to Bus Cummings rising from an overstuffed chair at her entrance. He is holding a folded newspaper.

MRS. BARHAM (cheerfully)
Absolutely wooden with grief. Sends her best, but asks to be excused.

CUMMINGS (extending the newspaper)
Well, I just came by to show Emily this. I thought it might make her feel a little better.

INSERT CLOSEUP of the newspaper, opened for our inspection. It is a copy of the New York Globe, June 14, 1944, the headline being whatever it was for that date and presumably dealing with the advances made by the Allied Armies. However, what is most eye-catching is a four-column photograph of Madison as he leaped over the sea-wall on Omaha Beach, his head thrown back, his arms outflung - all-in-all, a photographic masterpiece in the study of gallantry.

CUMMINGS (voice over)
That's yesterday's New York Globe, ma'am.

MRS. BARHAM (voice over)
Yes, I'm on to that. What is it you want me to see?

CUMMINGS (voice over)
The photograph, ma'am. That's Charlie Madison, the first American on Omaha Beach. He's on the front page of the New York Globe.

TWO SHOT of Cummings and Mrs. Barham. Mrs. Barham is looking at the newspaper, politely interested.

106
CONT
(2)

MRS. BARHAM
Well, you can't say it's a very good likeness. It's mostly his back, isn't it?

CUMMINGS
Ma'am, that picture is on the front page of almost two hundred newspapers in the United States alone. We honestly didn't think it would catch on this big. Our Press Office people just sent that picture out as a standard release, and before we knew it -- Mrs. Barham, that picture was in practically every London newspaper yesterday. I was sure you'd seen it. Charlie's a hero, ma'am! Our Public Relations office is talking now of holding some sort of ceremony over his grave, building some sort of a monument?

MRS. BARHAM (appalled)
A monument?

CUMMINGS
Probably no more than a simple bronze plaque, but the Free French have indicated they'd be willing to declare Charlie's grave a French national shrine.

MRS. BARHAM
That's depraved!

CUMMINGS
We think the President of the United States will make a statement about Charlie. I didn't want to tell you about these things yet because we haven't got firm commitments, but Admiral Jessup is very close to the President. I don't know if we can get Charlie the Congressional Medal of Honor, but he's a cinch for the Navy Cross. As soon as I get an extra copy of Life Magazine, I'll bring it to you.

MRS. BARHAM
Whatever for?

CUMMINGS (beaming)
That picture of Charlie's on the cover.

MRS. BARHAM 106
Oh, this is shoddy! French national CONT
shrine, indeed! One might expect, (3)
I suppose, this sort of scandal-
mongering from the French. But you,
Commander, as his friend, surely
could have done something more to
keep the whole sordid business out
of the press.

CUMMINGS
Ma'am?

MRS. BARHAM
We're all ashamed of Charlie, of
course, but he has paid his price.
There's no need to keep raking it up.

CUMMINGS
I'm not sure you have this exactly
right, Mrs. Barham. Charlie's a hero.

MRS. BARHAM (in
absolute distress)
We never thought he'd stoop to that.
Never! He seemed such an uncompro-
mising coward. Yes, I did see this
horrid picture in yesterday's Daily
Mail. I burned the issue immediately.
I wouldn't want Emily to see that,
would I? It would shatter her utterly;
she's barely holding on to sanity as it is.

EMILY'S VOICE (off)
Mother?

MRS. BARHAM
Oh, dear, there she is. You mustn't
say a word about any of this. You
must let me tell it to her when I
think she's strong enough.

She moves out to the foot of the stairs in the foyer, leaving behind Cummings, who is beginning to feel like a hero in Kafka.

INT. EMILY'S HOME - FOYER 107

Mrs. Barham at the foot of the stairs; Emily on the second floor landing, dressed in her uniform now, hair tidied, and she's applying lipstick.

MRS. BARHAM
Going into work, that's very
sensible of you.

EMILY 107
I don't know how you put up with me CONT'D
this long, mother. (2)

She comes down the stairs, buttoning her jacket. At the foot of the stairs, Mrs. Barham takes her daughter's arm and whispers quickly:

MRS. BARHAM
I must warn you, this fellow Cummings is still here, determined to commiserate. This is his third condolence call, and he's going to say all sorts of comforting things. You will be polite, won't you?

EMILY
Oh, he's just a bit sincere.

MRS. BARHAM
I must say, I find him grotesque.

She adjusts a smile onto her face, and the two women move back into the living room.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM 108

ACROSS Emily and her mother entering to Cummings, standing head bowed, hat in hand. He slowly looks up to reveal an extravagantly grave face. He comes forward to Emily, too grieved to express it all in words, and merely takes her hand and looks mutely into her face.

CUMMINGS
You're doing the right thing, Emily. Bury yourself in work. We've all got to keep going.

Emily's eye is caught by the New York Globe, lying on the sofa, and she crosses to it.

MRS. BARHAM
Well, I might as well tell you, Emily. Charlie's picture is in all the papers, and they're going to build a monument on his grave.

EMILY (studying the Times)
Whatever for? All he did was die. Dear me, we shall be celebrating cancer and automobile smash-ups next.

108
CONT'D
(2)

CUMMINGS (erupting)
He didn't just die! He sacrificed his life!

MRS. BARHAM
Well, that was pagan of him.

CUMMINGS
He was the first American to die on Omaha Beach!

EMILY
Was there a contest?

CUMMINGS
What's the matter with you, Emily? I thought you'd be proud.

EMILY (handing the paper to her mother)
You might as well burn this, mother -- along with yesterday's Daily Mail which I fished out of the garden furnace.
(to Cummings)
We no longer take pride in death in this house, Bus. What was admirable about Charlie was his sensation of life -- cowardly, selfish, greedy appreciation of life, unadorned and uncertain as it is. I loved him very much. I don't think I shall ever love anyone as much again. But I shall try.
(starts out to the foyer)
Are you going back to the Navy Building, Bus?

Cummings turns to Mrs. Barham as if he expected some sanity in that quarter.

CUMMINGS
No, I've got to pick up the Admiral at the hospital.

EMILY (disappearing into the foyer)
Drop me at Edgware Road. I can take the bus there.

MRS. BARHAM (nudging an unhappy Cummings)
I thought I saw her peeking at me from the window when I was burning those newspapers.

INT. SMALL PRIVATE ROOM - NAVY HOSPITAL - LONDON SUBURB 109

FULL SHOT of Admiral Jessup, dressed in his shirt and pants, puffing a cigar,his old, brisk, groomed self again. He is putting toilet articles into a small valise on the bed, otherwise already packed. Bus Cummings is standing on the other side of the bed, holding the Admiral's jacket on its hanger, even more unhappy than he was in the last scene.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
A French national shrine: What possible purpose could be served by the French building a monument on Omaha Beach?

CUMMINGS
The PR Office is trying to prepare a pro-Navy climate for the Congressional Hearings Thursday, sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Oh, that's just public relations flap. Do you seriously think a minor French ceremony on Normandy is going to affect any of those Congressmen in the Senate Committee Room. Give me my tie, Bus.

Cummings glumly hands the Admiral his tie. The Admiral turns to the little hospital wall mirror, but the thought of Madison makes him pause and frown sadly down at the floor.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
I was damned fond of Charlie. He was one of the few really decent men I've ever known aside from being the best dog-robber in the world. How did he ever get on Omaha Beach in the first place?

CUMMINGS
Sir?

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Exactly what was this movie Charlie was making on Omaha Beach? What was Charlie doing, making a movie in the first place?

109
CONT'D
(2)

CUMMINGS
This was your movie, sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Yes, you keep saying my movie. What do you mean, my movie?

CUMMINGS
Sir, the movie you wanted made about the Demolition Engineers.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
I don't remember any —

He turns, frowning, back to tying his tie before the mirror. Suddenly, he understands, and he turns back in utter horror to Cummings.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
By God, Bus, was this some idea I conceived when I was cracking up? I don't remember any movie. I — And you went ahead and did it? I was unbalanced at the time, Bus! I wasn't responsible! You mean, Charlie Madison — oh, my God!

He sinks aghast onto the bed.

CUMMINGS
Sir, we wanted a hero, and we've got one.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
You don't send a man to his death just because we want a hero!

CUMMINGS
The whole purpose of our coming over here, sir, was to find something to catch the eye of the Committee on Military Affairs, to remind them that the Navy is still an essential service. We're trying to keep from being scrapped, sir.

The Admiral stands, still shaken.

109 CONT (3)

ADMIRAL JESSUP
May God forgive me; I'll never forgive myself.
(he turns back to tying his tie before the mirror, still pained, but he has his his work to do)
If you're trying to catch the eye of the Joint Committee on Military Affairs, Bus, you'll have to bury Charlie in Washington, not on Omaha Beach, preferably in the middle of the Senate committee room and certainly no further away than Pennsylvania Avenue. I will not authorize funds for any monument on Omaha Beach. We need something more immediate than that. Give me my jacket.
(slips into his jacket)
Have you got my flight orders?

CUMMINGS
Yes, sir. You leave for Washington with Marv Ellender at 2200 hours tonight.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
(buttoning his jacket)
The only solace any of us has is that if Charlie were here he'd be laughing himself silly.

EXT. PORT OF SOUTHAMPTON - DAY 110

FULL SHOT of Lieutenant Commander Charles E. Madison — slowly descending the ramp of a hospital ship. We know it's a hospital ship because we can see the huge red cross painted on the hull of the ship behind Madison. Out of the hold, an endless file of wounded men are being carried on stretchers down to the docks. Madison himself is one of the ambulatory cases. He wears a red regulation hospital robe and blue hospital pajamas. An oaktag label dangles from his lapel. He requires a cane.

ANOTHER ANGLE, closer on Madison, revealing that he is not in the least laughing himself silly. On the contrary, his face is set in a rigid mask of bitterness. The other ambulatory patients, hobbling and lurching along down the ramp with him on crutches or with bandaged arms and heads, are all in the best of spirits.

110 CONT'D (2)

VOICES AND SHOUTS
Oh, man, I thought I'd never see this side of the Channel again!
Hey, Nurse! Hey, Lieutenant! Where are we supposed to go?
Hey! They're serving food!
Oh, man, look at that nurse! How'd you like to have her stick a thermometer in your mouth?
Louie! If we get separated, remember I'm in the 8th Infantry, 112th Regiment, I Company!

The good spirits of all the others contrast with the somber, coldly belligerent set of Madison's face.

ANOTHER ANGLE as Madison and the other ambulatory patients reach the docks at the bottom of the ramp. A MEDIC gently herds them to the dock railing:

MEDIC
Ambulatory patients over here. You're now at the 6th Medical Relocation Center in Southampton. You'll all be properly taken care of in just a few minutes. Is there anyone who needs immediate attention? We're here to help you.

Madison and the other ambulatories shuffle and hobble along to join clumps of other ambulatory patients in their tagged robes. We see now the docks are filled from one end of the frame to the other with rows of stretchers and bandaged men, uniformed NURSES and MEDICS moving up and down the aisles between the stretchers, checking the cartag identification labels, marking their clip-boards and generally administering to the wounded. Volunteer English Red Cross ladies add to the crush by wheeling tea-carts of coffee and magazines. Indeed, one Red Cross Lady suddenly wheels her cart into f.g. of the frame. The cart is piled high with newspapers and Life Magazines. We see clearly that Madison's picture is on the cover.

RED CROSS LADY (to Madison's group)
Any of you chaps want a copy of Life Magazine?
(to Madison in particular)
Want a copy of Life?

TIGHT SHOT across the Red Cross Lady to Madison staring somberly out over the harbor. He turns, showing us again the quiet anger on his face.

MADISON (coldly) 110
No, thank you, I've seen it already. CONT'D (3)

He turns back to staring fixedly out over the harbor. VOICES around him:

They told me I got at least four weeks convalescence.
Man, you're lucky. One Medic told me I'll probably be sent to a rehabilitation camp tomorrow or the next day.

VOICES
All I want is three days in London.
I hear you have to beat them off with clubs. You know what's a great town for broads? Liverpool! You have to beat them off with clubs.

EXT. HENDON AIRPORT - NIGHT 111

LONG ESTABLISHING SHOT almost duplicating the shot that began the film — a DC-4 looming vaguely on the black landing strip, three official cars lined up some yards away, a clump of uniformed people by the cars, some loading activity at the plane. In short, a high-level military mission is about to depart.

ACROSS Emily standing at the door of the car to the Admiral and Cummings with Ellender and Capt. Spaulding in b.g. supervising the transfer of the luggage from the cars to the plane.

ELLENDER (to one of the plane's crew)
Leave the attache case and the little bag. The rest can go.

Far off in b.g. of the frame, we get the feeling a car is approaching us in the dark night, its headlights dimmed for blackout purposes.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (to Cummings)
You and Adams lock up the shop. I want you both in Washington by Wednesday night. And forget about that tomb.

CUMMINGS
Yes, sir.

Cumming's attention, however, is with the car which comes screeching to a halt some fifteen yards away. The Admiral gives it a brief glance and turns to Ellender.

111 CONT'D (2)

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Admirals Koenig and Ridgely are scheduled to appear Thursday. I don't think they'll get to us before Monday.

ELLENDER
More likely Tuesday, the way Congressional hearings usually run.

FULL SHOT OF Chief Petty Officer Adams, who is driving the newly-arrived car, opening the door and getting out. He is obviously in distress.

ADAMS
Hey, Bus, can I see you a minute?

ACROSS Adams to the group at the official cars.

CUMMINGS
Something the matter?

ADAMS (as Cummings moves to him)
Yeah, I think you could say something's the matter.

TWO SHOT of Adams and Cummings. In b.g., the Admiral and Ellender are fishing their attache cases out of the first of the cars. Capt. Spaulding waits in attendance on them.

ADAMS (lowers his voice to a conspiratorial mutter)
I just got a call from the Sixth Relocation Center in Southampton. That's where they bring the casualties from France. They've got a Lieutenant Commander Charles E. Madison there ready to be released. Would we arrange transportation for him and bring a uniform. I don't know whether to laugh or cry.

During this speech, Cummings nods, purses his lips, cleans his glasses -- as if he were listening to the most perfunctory of problems.

ADAMS
I don't know if you heard me, Bus. I said --

CUMMINGS
I heard you, and I don't get it. What's the gag?

In b.g., the Admiral, Ellender and Spaulding, carrying their attache cases and hand luggage, are crossing the landing strip to the plane. 111 CONT'D (3)

ADAMS
I spoke to him, Bus. He's alive.

CUMMINGS
What do you mean, he's alive? He was practically a French national shrine. How the hell can he be alive.

ANOTHER ANGLE of Adams and Cummings with Emily in b.g. standing by her car.

ADAMS
He got on the phone, he said: "Hi, Paul" I said: "Hi, Charlie." He said: "Do me a favor, Paul. Call Miss Barham in the Motor Pool and tell her I'm all right."

CUMMINGS
I saw him with my own eyes, Paul!

ADAMS
He also said: "Tell Bus, if I ever lay my hands on him, I'm going to belt him right in his big, fat stern-sheets."

CU of Cummings, convinced and miserable about it.

CUMMINGS
He's alive. The first dead man on Omaha Beach is alive. Boy, that's great! Two hundred newspapers in the United States alone - the cover of Life Magazine - every newsreel in the world - and he's alive!

ADAMS
What's he mad at you for, Bus?

The expression of chagrin on Cummings' face changes to one of horror.

CUMMINGS
And not only is he alive, he's a coward! We had a nice dead hero - now, we have a lousy live coward.

ADAMS
What's the matter with you, Bus?

111 CONT'D (4)

Cummings suddenly seizes the startled Adams by his jacket collar, almost throttling the poor fellow.

CUMMINGS (screaming)
Is this a gag, Paul?!

ADAMS (screaming)
It's no gag!

Cummings thrusts his Chief Petty Officer from him, breaks for the DC-4, shouting to Admiral Jessup, who is about to be helped into the plane.

CUMMINGS (shouting)
Sir! He's alive, damn it!

ACROSS the Admiral, Ellender and Capt. Spaulding at the plane with Emily in b.g. by her car and Cummings puffing his way in from screen right. The Admiral, Ellender and Spaulding turn to see what all the agitation is about. In b.g., Emily takes a few steps forward, not quite sure what was shouted, but, if we could see her more clearly in the poorly-lit b.g., we would know she has begun to tremble uncontrollably. The Admiral stares at Cummings, now comes to a halt in front of him.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Madison?

CUMMINGS
Yes, sir. He's in Southampton at a relocation center, ready to be released, sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Thank God!

ELLENDER
Oh, that's wonderful, that's wonderful, oh, that's wonderful.

Now Emily emerges more clearly out of the darkish b.g., approaching the group at the plane, utterly unconscious of what she's doing, too terrified to believe what she suspects she has heard.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (beaming at Cummings)
Now, Bus! Now, we can bring your first man on Omaha Beach right into Room 610 of the Senate Building!

CUMMINGS
Sir?

111
CONT'D
(5)

ADMIRAL JESSUP
I want Madison flown to Washington on the first plane out of Southampton. I don't care what brass you have to throw off the plane. I want Madison in Washington tomorrow. We'll give Charlie a parade right down Pennsylvania Avenue and right up to the White House lawn where the President himself will decorate Charlie with the Navy Cross.

CUMMINGS (unhappily)
I'm not sure if we should involve the President in this, sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
The President's an old Navy man, and sympathetic to our position throughout.

CUMMINGS
I just don't think we should go so big, sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
We're going to make a big, brass-band hero out of Charlie, using every coarse theatricality the PRO is overpaid to think up. And, on Monday or Tuesday morning, when I walk into that hearing, I'll smile my crisp military smile at all the Senators, and, in a perfunctory military way, introduce my two aides, "Captain Ellender here, my technical adviser, and Lieutenant Commander Charles E. Madison, gentlemen, the first American on Omaha Beach, a sailor." That's what's known, Bus, as letting them have it in spades, doubled, redoubled and vulnerable. Charlie will then modestly answer a few of the Senators' questions.

CUMMINGS (beginning to feel genuinely ill)
Oh, he'll be modest all right. Sir, I better tell you right now what really happened on D-Day, sir.

The Admiral, however, has turned his attention to Emily, who has been advancing on the group, one dazed step after another.

111 CONT'D (6)

EMILY (almost too terrified to ask)
Is he alive? Is he alive? Is that what you're saying? Is he alive?

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Yes, Miss Barham, we think he is.

EMILY
Oh, dear - oh, dear -

It's all she can get out. She stares helplessly at all of them, her eyes blinking, and then, raises her face, her eyes closed, tears slipping in individual beads out from beneath her lashes, her face nevertheless exhilarated by a faint, mute smile of ineffable joy.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Bus, get this lady down to Southampton just as fast as you can drive there.
(shakes Spaulding's hand)
Good-bye, Harry.

SPAULDING
Good trip, sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (to Cummings)
I want Charlie in Washington tomorrow.

He turns, seizes the hands being offered to him from the open doorway of the DC-4 and clambers up into the plane.

ELLENDER (to Spaulding)
Good-bye, Harry.
(clasps Emily's hand)
Good-bye, Emily, we're all nearly as happy as you are about this.

Emily has to bite her lip to keep from crying.

EMILY
That's very sweet of you, Captain.

Ellender climbs into the plane. The Admiral suddenly reappears in the doorway of the plane, calls to Cummings.

111
CONT'D
(7)

THE ADMIRAL
Bus, you were about to tell me something before about Charlie on D-Day.

Cummings frowns briefly, then calls back to the Admiral.

CUMMINGS
Nothing, sir. I'll have him on the first plane out of Southampton.

A GROUND CREWMAN (moving into b.g.)
You all better step back there.

Cummings nods brusquely, turns on his heel and strides off in the direction of Chief Petty Officer Adams, waiting apprehensively by his car. Emily, still enchanted, trots along behind him. Spaulding swerves off to where the official cars and the other drivers are waiting.

ACROSS Adams to Cummings and Emily as they approach him. In b.g., the propellors of the DC-4 suddenly whir into activity. About halfway to Adams, Cummings whirls on Emily and shouts something at her.

TWO SHOT of Cummings and Emily with DC-4 slowly taxiing off in b.g.

CUMMINGS (shouting to be heard over the motors)
What I was about to tell the Admiral before was that Charlie Madison became the first man on Omaha Beach because I chased him up there with a Colt 45! He was, in fact, running the other way! -- bolting under fire, an errant act of cowardice in the face of the enemy! Our big brass-band hero was a big brass-band coward! But I didn't tell the Admiral that because the Navy needs a hero, even a miserable, lousy yellow hero like Charlie Madison! It's a hoax! The whole thing's a hoax!

111
CONT'D
(8)

EMILY (couldn't be prouder)
Ah, now that's more my Charlie! Craven to the end!

Behind them, the DC-4 suddenly fills the night with the ROAR of its motors. Cummings strides off again to Adams at the car, Emily happily trotting along behind him.

CUMMINGS (shouts to Spaulding)
Harry, clear me a space for Madison on the next flight out of Southampton! I'll call you from the hospital there!

INT. A WARD - TRANSIENT HOSPITAL - SOUTHAMPTON 112

ACROSS Madison lying on his cot, looking down the length of the ward to its entrance door. It is almost midnight, and the ward is dark, some light spilling in from the corridor through the glass part of the entrance door. A night lamp drops enough light on Madison to show he is the only man in the whole ward who is awake. He lies motionlessly on his cot, staring at the ceiling. Occasionally he takes a puff on his cigarette or flicks the ash into an ashtray he has propped up on his chest. The ward itself is merely a long Nissen hut, equipped to hold perhaps fifty cots but which is cluttered with double that number. Several of the cots have been isolated with white screens. The DOOR OPENS; a shaft of light shoots in from the corridor, and a MEDIC enters, silhouetted briefly but clearly enough to show he is carrying a uniform on a hanger in one hand and a pair of shoes in the other. The door closes behind him, but we can still make out his shadowy figure picking his way down the tortuous aisle to Madison's bed in foreground.

THE MEDIC (draping the uniform over the foot of Madison's cot; whispers)
Your transportation's here, Commander. Here's your uniform.
(he sets the shoes down beside the bed)
Say, I didn't know you were the Madison, Charles E., Lieutenant Commander U.S.N. who --

MADISON (cutting him short)
Yeah.

Favoring his wounded thigh, Madison slowly sits up, his face set in its unrelenting mask of bitterness.

THE MEDIC
When you're dressed, Commander, you have to sign out at the Administration Office.

Madison says nothing, stands slowly, peels off his bathrobe.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - HOSPITAL - SOUTHAMPTON 113

A typical improvised military office in another, smaller quonset hut. One enters from the street through a plain wooden door. A second wooden door in the opposite wall leads outside to the interior area of the hospital. (The Administration Office is

113 CONT'D (2)

connected to the other Nissen and Quonset huts which comprise the hospital by footpaths.) The second door bears a placard: NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL. A Nurse Captain sits behind the principal desk; several Army clerks sit behind other desks rattling away on their typewriters or filing in the many filing cabinets. Occasional identifying hospital personnel - nurses, Medics, Army hospital orderlies, a uniformed doctor, even a bathrobed patient - enter and exit on one or another hospital businesses, carrying identifying hospital props - laboratory specimens, bedpans, stethoscopes, etc. CUMMINGS is standing by the desk on the phone, as we cut in:

CUMMINGS (on phone)
I'm in the Administration Office now —

Chief Petty Officer Adams is studying the bulletin board which has a splendid large poster on it advising GI's to watch out for VD. Emily is pacing restlessly around the crowded, clattery room.

CUMMINGS (on phone)
Harry, I can get Madison to the airport by one o'clock, don't worry about it. You just clear a place on the plane for him...

Emily, in a feverish state of impatience, goes to the door marked No Admittance, opens it halfway and looks out. The Nurse Captain notes this sympathetically.

CUMMINGS (on phone)
What do you mean, you told Grissom? When?

Emily steps back to admit the Medic, who brought Madison his uniform.

THE MEDIC
Man, he's a cold fish, that Madison.

A CLERK
Go get the coffee pot, Mickey.

The Medic continues without breaking stride across the office and out through the street door.

CUMMINGS (to Adams)
Spaulding told the Public Relations Office. We'll have every news correspondent in London down here —

THE NURSE CAPTAIN (to Emily at the door)
Why don't you wait outside for him, honey?

EMILY
Thank you.

She steps out of the office.

CUMMINGS (on phone) 113 CONT'D (3)
Then wake up Admiral Healy. You heard Jessup, Harry. He wants Madison in Washington tomorrow.

The door to the street opens, and a Soldier enters.

THE SOLDIER (to the Nurse Captain)
There's three English newspapermen down at my office, Captain. What's this about the first dead man being alive?

Cummings looks up, frowns.

CUMMINGS (on phone)
I'll have him at the airport at 0100 hours, don't worry. It's only fifteen minutes from here.

He hangs up.

EXT. OUTSIDE OFFICE - HOSPITAL - SOUTHAMPTON - NIGHT 114

ACROSS Emily, standing just outside the Administration Office, showing the rest of the hospital in b.g. -- i.e., what can be seen of it in the black-out night. A long, long paved footpath leads off to a roughly-roofed open passageway which splits off to several barely visible Nissen and Quonset huts. The footpath and arcaded passageway are lit just enough for camera purposes. The rest of the hospital sleeps silently in the dark night. Emily is smoking anxiously. Now, a Nurse trundles a small medical cart across the roofed passageway at the extreme b.g. of the frame, and Emily whirls to it. Disappointed, she turns full-face to the camera and lights another cigarette. How silent it all is now. Then, suddenly, she senses Madison through the small of her back, and she slowly turns so that we are shooting ACROSS her down the long length of dimly-lit footpath. There, at the far end of the path, turning in from the roofed passageway, is Charlie. He is dressed, walking with a noticeable limp, using a cane. She starts involuntarily a few paces up the footpath, then stops. Madison, who had been rapt in his brown study, looks up, stops.

CLOSEUP of Madison, expressionlessly regarding her.

MADISON'S POV. Looking down the long length of footpath to Emily, half-shadowed but recognizable and lit enough to see she is smiling. Behind her, the Administration Office hut, black-out shades drawn, but cracks of light slipping out here and there. Emily now ambles a few more paces up the path, stops.

114 CONT'D (2)

EMILY
You're limping, Commander. The old wound acting up?

REVERSE ACROSS Emily as Madison limps a few slow steps down toward her. He stops, stands, regards her warily.

ACROSS Madison to Emily who now ambles slowly up the path to him.

EMILY
Where've you been? We expected you back a week ago, yesterday.

She stops, stands.

ACROSS Emily to Madison, now only a few yards away.

MADISON
Sorry, I had to go to France for a few days. Out of season this time of year.

EMILY
Nobody worth knowing was there, I'm sure.

MADISON
A very rough element going to France nowadays.

FULL SHOT of the two of them, regarding each other on the footpath. Then suddenly she whirls over the few yards separating them and into his arms.

TIGHT TWO-SHOT of Madison and Emily in embrace.

EMILY
Oh, Charlie, Charlie, Charlie, Charlie, Charlie....

MADISON
Watch out for that leg there, honey.

EMILY
Oh, shut up and let me hold you.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - HOSPITAL - SOUTHAMPTON 115

WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing the office now jammed with newspapermen, perhaps twenty of them, both uniformed

and civilian, with and without cameras. Cummings, Adams and a Clerk are trying to get them back out of the office and into the street. 115 CONT'D (2)

CUMMINGS (shouting)
All right! All right! I haven't seen him myself yet!

A camera-flash explodes almost in his face.

NURSE CAPTAIN (shouting)
You'll have to wait outside! I'm terribly sorry! You'll have to wait outside!

(SHOUTS and VOICES from the reporters: "When was he brought here?" - "Is he seriously wounded?" - "Is he coming out? What's going on?" - "What's this about DeGaulle?")

CUMMINGS (to Adams)
I better get him.

Cummings crosses quickly to the door marked No Admittance, reaches for the knob.

LONG SHOT across Madison and Emily still in embrace looking down the footpath to the Administration Office as its door opens, momentarily emitting a burst of light and clamor, as Cummings comes out, quickly shutting the door. He hurries up the path to the lovers.

FULL SHOT of Madison and Emily in embrace, Madison looking up over Emily's shoulder, Emily turning her head to see what the flare of noise was. Cummings' back enters the frame.

MADISON
Don't come within cane's distance of me, you fink. You tried to kill me.

Madison releases himself from Emily's embrace.

CUMMINGS
All right, Charlie, you can get your licks in later. Right now, we've got a plane waiting to take you back to Washington. We have half an hour to get to the airport, and there's about twenty reporters in that office and more piling in by the minute. We can allow five minutes for pictures and a few questions, so let me brief you quickly on what you're to say.

115
CONT'D
(3)

MADISON
I'm going to say the truth, Bus.

CUMMINGS
I don't know how much of my little hoax you know --

MADISON
Enough.

CUMMINGS
Your last words as you led the charge up the beach were: "Okay, men, let's show 'em whose beach this is!"

MADISON
Not quite the epic stature of "We've just begun to fight", Bus.

CUMMINGS
Yeah, well --

MADISON
I'm going to tell them the truth, Bus. I'm going to tell anybody who wants to know the plain, unattractive and not very epic truth.

CUMMINGS
Charlie, we have very little time --

MADISON
I'm going to tell them that a deranged Admiral had a demented idea for a lunatic movie whose only purpose was to juice up the Navy's bid for military appropriations - that my gallant wounds were inflicted on me by my brother officer, the fink --

CUMMINGS (beginning to suspect Madison is serious)
All right, Charlie, you've got a legitimate beef against me, and I'll take my raps for it --

MADISON
--and that my last inspirational words as I led the charge away from the beach were: "Hey, let's get the hell out of here."

TWO SHOT of Cummings and Emily, frowning quizzically at Madison.

115
CONT'I
(4)

MADISON
I've had a bad week, Bus. I've been in battle. I've seen the howl and heard the horror of it again. I'm not going to contribute to your wretched little hoax. I'm not going to help you preserve the wonder of war. I want people to know I was a coward. I want people to know the whole shabby story of my heroism.

TWO SHOT of Cummings and Emily, favoring Emily, who doesn't quite trust her ears.

CUMMINGS
I don't get it. Do you know what'll happen if --

MADISON
Oh, I know what'll happen when I expose this patchy canard. I'll embarrass my country, dishonor my service, disgrace my admiral, humiliate my family and get myself brigged for at least a couple of years.

EMILY
Then why do it?

MADISON
Because it's the right thing to do.

CLOSEUP of Emily, stunned, open-mouthed with disbelief.

EMILY
I can't believe it! Is this the Charlie Madison who once said: "God save us all from people who do the right thing! It's the rest of us who always get our backs broken"? Are you seriously going to destroy everything that means anything to you, Charlie, in a futile gesture of virtue? And you're going to put yourself in jail, are you?

MADISON
I don't care what happens to me.

EMILY
How bloody brave of you. But you do care what happens to me. You said you did, and I believed you. What am I to do while you sit about in your prison cell for five or six years, admiring the glisten of your own martyrdom?

115
CONT'D
(5)

MADISON
Honey, I want the world to know what a fraud war is.

EMILY
War isn't a fraud, Charlie; it's very real. At least, that's what you've always tried to tell me, isn't it? -- that we shall never get rid of war if we keep pretending it's unreal. It's the virtue of war that's the fraud, not war itself. It's the valor and self-sacrifice and goodness of war that needs the exposing. And here you are, being brave, self-sacrificing and absolutely clanking with moral fervor, perpetuating the very things you detest, merely to do the right thing. Your conversion to morality is actually funny, Charlie. All this while, I've been terrified of becoming Americanized, and you, you silly ass, have turned into a bloody sentimental Englishman.

MADISON
Emily, there's a matter of principle involved here.

EMILY
A matter of what? Is this the Charlie Madison who once said: "What's a lion doing in a man's house anyway?"

MADISON
Emily, a man has to say the truth when he knows it!

TWO SHOT

115X1

of Madison and Emily, regarding each other, shamelessly in love.

EMILY (meaning: "I love you")
Is this the Charlie Madison who once said: "I'm not equipped to deal with truth. I let God worry about truth. I just want to know the momentary fact of things. Life isn't true; it's merely factual -- "

115X1
CONT'D
(2)

MADISON (meaning:
"I love you too")
"-- and my idea of facts are you, a home, a country, a world, and a universe in that order."

EMILY
I'm quite prepared to supply all that at my end of the deal.

MADISON
Yeah, and what are you getting out of it?

EMILY
I'll settle for a Hershey bar.

The door of the Administration Office opens, and Chief Petty Officer Adams comes hurrying out to the others. Behind, the Munro Captain fills the rectangle of light made by the open doorway.

ADAMS (hurrying up)
Sirs, there must be a hundred of them! There's correspondents all over the place!

THE MUNRO CAPTAIN
(calling from the door)
Commander, would you please come? We can't have all these people here.

Madison, who has been locked in a mutually obsessed trance with Emily during all this, now smiles and turns to Cummings, who hasn't understood a word that was said all during the previous dialogue.

MADISON (wrapping one arm around Emily and the other around Cummings, he says to Cummings)
Well, Slim, how do you want me to play it? Modest and self-effacing?

CUMMINGS (as they move down the path to the Administration Office)
Thanks, Charlie. I'll make this up to you. I'll do anything you say.

MADISON (beaming at his friend)
Oh, I've got something in mind for you, boy.

By now, the rectangle of light made by the open Administration Office door is filling up with correspondents, and, in a moment, the whole screen is a constant flare of flashbulbs. 115X1 CONT'D (3)

EXT. NORTH POLE - DAY 116

Actually, we dissolve in on a photograph of a parade on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C. Madison stands in the back of the main limousine, waving at the crowds who are flinging ticker-tape at him. DOLLY SLOWLY BACK AND UP to show, first, that it is a photograph on the front page of the New York Globe - then, we see that the man looking at the Times is Lieutenant Commander Cummings, swathed in furs and parkas with just enough of his frozen face sticking out to identify him - CONTINUE DOLLY FURTHER BACK until all that can be seen of poor Cummings is a small black figure on an endless desolation of snow and ice. Type on Screen the legend "Virtue is its own Reward" and underneath "The End" title.

FADE OUT

THE END